

WHAT IS A JEW? BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

APR. 1,
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Liberty 5¢



I AM A LADY LOBBYIST, A Confession from Behind the Scenes in Washington
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UNPARALLELED ADVANTAGES OF OUR WAGE SYSTEM



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

How any one with an atom of intelligence can favor any of the foreign governmental systems as compared to our own is beyond my comprehension.

The usual argument is to the effect that lower wages under Fascism and Communism will buy as much as the higher wages in this country.

The fallacy of this reasoning is very clearly presented in the illustration appearing on this page, and by avoiding the confusion that may be associated with comparing the various forms of money used by other countries and simply presenting the buying possi-

BREAD—THE STAFF OF LIFE

UNITED STATES



7.5

GREAT BRITAIN



5.2

FRANCE



5.0

BELGIUM



4.9

ITALY



2.8

GERMANY



2.5

RUSSIA



1.9

UNIT = 2 LBS.

bilities of an hour of labor in each of these countries, the conclusions are so clear that a mere child can understand them.

We have used bread in this illustration, but you can go down the line of everything needed for the comforts of life, and almost identically the same comparison percentage of the buying power prevails that is indicated in the bread illustration.

An hour of labor will buy $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of bread in this country. In Russia it will buy less than 2 pounds of bread; in Germany $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; in Italy nearly 3 pounds; in Belgium nearly 5 pounds; in France 5 pounds exactly; and in Great Britain a little over 5 pounds.

The outstanding advantage of our wage system in buying power is thus clearly illustrated. One hour of labor in this country will buy more than three times as much bread as an hour of labor in Russia, and three times as much as it will buy in Germany, and more than twice as much as it will buy in Italy.

And how about various other advantages that are enjoyed by the workers through Americanism that are denied them in other countries?

Under Fascism and Communism the workers have practically no individual rights. They are regimented by rules as strict as are required in army discipline.

Even the right to work is restricted. The right to combine in unions is denied, and therefore they cannot bargain collectively. The right to strike, picket, coerce, or intimidate is often penalized with prison sentences.

In other words, under Fascism and Communism, workers are ordered around like a lot of slaves. They are told what to do . . . how much work they should turn out, and their wages are fixed by governmental orders; and the result of this dictatorial governmental regimentation is shown with startling emphasis in the bread illustration.

Compare the wages under a dictatorship like that of Italy, Germany, or Russia to those which are paid in the United States.

All that is required to stop all the discussion about the various isms that are so prevalent at this time is to use a little of the horse sense that we referred to frequently in this country in bygone days. Ordinary everyday intelligence or common sense is all that is needed to appreciate the American system.

To be sure, there are many defects to be corrected. We will never attain perfection, but with our system of democracy we can expand and progress.

We are not placed in a mold and compelled to shape our desires and activities to harmonize with it.

The great advantage of our system is the freedom which we are supposed to enjoy. We will have to admit that is being greatly restricted by an overabundance of fool laws; but, although it may be difficult to annul these crackpot restrictions, there is hope for us in the future if we rigidly adhere to the American system.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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WHAT IS A JEW?

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I AM a Jew.

But for the grace of God and the easy American immigration laws of the 1880s, I should today be in a concentration camp in Germany, or in a refugee hut on the German-Polish border, or in terror in Poland.

This fact lives with me constantly: America is not only a country to me, not only the land where I happened to be born. It is more than that: it is a sanctuary—a sanctified house of refuge in freedom.

The Jew in America who does not appreciate the truth of this does not deserve the freedom, the equality, the justice which he enjoys here.

Of course, this is one man's opinion. There are others who disagree. In fact, that is one of the curiosities about the Jews—they rarely agree about the Jews.

Political equality is not an ancient right of any people. Few countries have known democratic institutions at all. Really, only the Anglo-Saxon countries, the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and France ever developed true democracies. And in none of these countries is the conception of political democracy two centuries old. And that is not long enough to give firm roots to a novel social order.

The first country to recognize that a Jew has equal political, economic, and social rights was the United States. The Constitution establishes that right. Every state constitution maintains it. No silly prejudices, like keeping Jews out of clubs or hotels, can weigh against this monumental fact in the history of my people.

It was not until 1858 that a Jew could sit in the English Parliament without being converted to Christianity. (Disraeli was such a convert.) Only between 1920 and 1932 did the Jew possess equality in Germany. Only since 1917 in Russia. In France, it is true that the French Revolution gave the Jew equality, but his situation has been confused by political changes there, and it is impossible ever to forget the Dreyfus Case.

But America's history is clear. From earliest colonial days, the Jew in America has enjoyed the rarest of human gifts—freedom, liberty, equal rights, equal justice before the law—and the most glorious of all human rights, the worship of God according to the traditions of one's ancestors and according to one's conscience.

Let me talk to you freely about my people. We are different. We are peculiar. That is both our vice and our virtue, our burden and our joy.

In the first place, let me say that *we are not a distinct race.* We are called Semites, but most of us come from families that have not been near a Semitic people for two thousand years or more. We originated among Semitic tribes, that is true. But we have wandered far from the land of our origin.

And wherever we lived, we intermarried with the local people. Although, in the Bible, the teachers and leaders and prophets thundered against intermarriage, it always occurred. But marching armies, wandering traders, forbidden love—these dilute racial purity even more than formal marriage. The best informed anthropologists laugh at the idea of racial purity anywhere. Among the Jews there is not even a semblance of it.

Nor are the Jews a nation. We are of all nations, but there is no Jewish nation. There is no Jewish land. It is true that Jews of all nations look to Palestine as the place where, more than four thousand years ago, we originated. It is true that in our history and tradition, Palestine is the scene of our greatest national develop-



ment, our physical and material triumph, and our greatest glory. And those memories have a traditional and poetic pull which cannot be exaggerated.

But for two thousand years we have been in the Diaspora, dispersed over all the world, in every land, in every nation. We have become citizens of numerous countries. We have taken on the characteristics of all countries. In China I found Chinese Jews who were in all respects Chinese. I once was associated in business with a Danish Jew who looked like a viking. Judge Brandeis resembles Abraham Lincoln. So it goes.

For instance, I speak English as my mother tongue. My mother spoke Polish; my father Yiddish. My mother's family originated in Italy and passed through Austria to Russian Poland. I have relatives in Russia, Hungary, England, France, and other countries. Each is as much a citizen of his country as I feel that I am a citizen of America. I am sure that each loves his country.

Nationality involves love of country. There can be no mixed nationality. It is impossible to be loyal to more than one country, as the world is now constituted. Therefore, when the Jew accepts the blessings of political equality, he must accept the responsibility and obligation of loyalty. There must be no holding back.

I am convinced that the great body of Jews throughout the world hold to this view. I am sure that that is the attitude of Hore-Belisha in England, of Justice Frankfurter in America, of Kaganovich in Soviet Russia, of Léon Blum in France, of any responsible Jew anywhere who rises in public office. It is true of the man-in-the-street Jew in the United States.

Now, if the Jew is not a race and not a nationality, what is he? Why should there be a word, "Jew"? Why, if he has so often intermarried, has the Jew not disappeared? Why does he reappear as a problem in almost every century?

And the answer is so simple. The Jew is a religion, a faith, a belief, a mystical sign for the human race. From the time when Abraham broke the gods of his neighbors and Moses came down the mountain bearing the Word of God, and the prophets spoke of the love of God and man, and Christ carried the cross along the Via Dolorosa, the Jew has appeared upon this earth with a single message: There is but one God, omniscient, ever present, a God of



For liberals . . . A frank and revealing study of a vital problem in prejudice

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

DECORATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

become a part of European heritage and civilization. Little children were taught that the Jews were different, and the explanations were sometimes pretty awful. And Jewish children were told to dread the Christians. And so a bitterness has characterized the life of the European Jew. And it holds over in periods of enlightenment.

But when there are wars or economic depressions, or any political or social disturbances, the old poisons flare up. And they flare up on both sides. For the Jew blames all his troubles, whatever their cause, on anti-Semitism, just as many Christians blame all theirs on the Jews.

For instance, nowadays the Jew is accused of all sorts of crimes because he is an international banker or a Communist. As a matter of fact, international banking has all but disappeared since the war, and few Jews are bankers at all. And of all the Communists in the world, few are Jews. But does it matter what the truth is? The ancient poisons are at work because times are bad—and only because times are bad.

Similarly, Jews blame everything on anti-Semitism, even when there is no such feeling. I have heard Jews accuse men of anti-Semitism who never gave two thoughts to such a question. But the mere existence of a Hitler makes a Jew suspicious and defensive and, frankly, frightened. And that works like poison in the human mind.

And it must be remembered that in the European tradition these "queer" people were separated from the others; that they had to live apart. And in the ghettos where the Jews lived, they developed differently from their neighbors. Their home life was different. They were limited by law to a few occupations, trades, and businesses—and those the least attractive ones. Their culture was different. Even, in some places, their clothes were different—and different because the law of the land so prescribed.

Yet now they are simultaneously accused of being different, of isolating themselves, of being cliquy—and of pushing when they are not wanted, of being aggressive. And, unfortunately, it is all true. For the old traditions isolated them and the new freedom caused them to seek equality. And whereas the old ways pulled them back, the new ways pushed them forward. And not many of them, in the course of this pulling back and pushing forward, could keep an even keel, could find a way of life that satisfied their old traditions and at the same time brought them up to the ways of the new life. So there are periods when the Jew is traditionless, when he has no ballast and no anchor. He is neither of the House of Moses nor of the House of Christ. It is this ugly confusion that the rest of the world can visualize either sympathetically or antagonistically, depending upon whether there is peace and prosperity and good feeling or war and depression and human misery and hatred.

But that has not been true in America, not from the earliest times. The first Jews to come to these shores arrived in 1654. And they have been coming ever since. Some of the descendants of these early comers remain Jews; others have become Christians. Whichever way they chose, they were free here to follow their consciences. This has in truth been the Jew's Promised Land. Will it remain that for him? Is he deserving that it should remain that? That question he cannot answer altogether, but his conduct here, his attitude in these trying times will do much to answer it.

Further observations by Mr. Sokolsky upon the problem of the Jew in the present-day world will appear in *Liberty* next week.

love, yet a God that wearies of the everlasting backslidings of the human race, a God that promises peace on earth and the brotherhood of man.

Three great religions have sprung from this fountain of faiths: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. And each has spoken these few truths, each in its own manner. And when it is realized that the prophets in the Old Testament and the disciples in the New Testament were of the same brood and spoke the same words of God and uttered identical prayers with like fervor, then all that needs to be known about the Jew is known. Whether it is Isaiah or Micah or Mark or Luke, whether it is Hillel or Paul—all Jews, all religious Jews, all believing in our God to whom they uttered the single thought:

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul and all thy might."

For it is this prayer that every orthodox religious Jew says as the "Sh'ma" every day of his life. And yet it is the foundation prayer of Christianity.

Now, in the days of Christ, many Jews followed him. And when Saul of Tarsus founded a new church, many Jews followed him. But the great body of Jews did not become Christians. They believed in the coming of the Messiah, but they did not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah. And all the rest of Europe became Christian. And Europe sank into the dark periods which followed the collapse of the Roman Empire. And feudalism became the political form of Europe. And under feudalism each man's place was fixed by feudal law. But over all men was the Holy Catholic Church, dominating the European world, which was a Christian world.

But the Jew was not a Christian; therefore he had no fixed place in this world. He lived at the will of the feudal lord. For many centuries he enjoyed a rich life in Spain, but even there, when Ferdinand and Isabella ascended the throne, he was hated because his religion was not their religion; he was different and he was driven out. And in Poland he enjoyed periods of freedom, but there, too, he was different. It was his religion that made him different. When the missionaries of Christ were converting the heathen peoples of Europe, the Jews alone stood out in Europe as a stiff-necked, unconvertible people. And for this the Jew was hated. For this he was persecuted. And that tradition of hatred and persecution has

Surprise VISIT

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN Amy announced that she had decided to go to dramatic school in New York and become an actress, John Alden Freeman blew up. He said flatly, "You're not going to do anything of the sort." To which his young sister retorted, "That's what *you* think, maybe." He said, "I never heard anything so ridiculous. I will not permit it!"

Peg Freeman, their mother, listened amusedly.

"You can't stop me," Amy reminded him. "Thank heaven, daddy left me my own income. And I'm of age now."

Her brother kept his temper. "I'm older than you, Amy, and I happen to know a good deal about the stage. It's—"

"Listen to him!" Amy interrupted delightedly. "Darling, just because that—what was her name?—Linda Stewart took you for a ride, you mustn't think that all stage people are wolves in sheep's undies." She grinned as John Alden started. "Didn't think I knew about Linda? You were a junior in Harvard, and I was only fourteen years old, but oh my, was I interested!"

Rising young lawyers have to control their tempers even with impudent younger sisters. "I can't see, Amy—"

"There's such a lot you don't see, precious. You should pray every night to have the scales fall from your eyes." She turned to their mother. "Falling in love might humanize him, don't you think?"

"Oh, run away, Amy," said Peg Freeman.

"You won't have your favorite child teased, will you, mammy?" She made her exit, and Mrs. Freeman smiled at her tall son.

"Don't take it so seriously, John. Amy can get into just as much trouble at the country club here as she can in New York. She's been acting ever since she was born—I think it's a splendid idea if she should actually get paid for it!" She laughed. "Besides, dramatic school isn't the stage," she added. "As soon as Amy finds out that it's really work she'll give the whole idea up. I believe she wants a little fling; but she'll come back and marry Carlton before the winter's over, you mark my words!"

Her son looked at her gravely, and her laughter faded.

"You're a good boy, John," she said gently. Her eyes softened. "And in a funny way Amy's right about you. There is a lot that you don't see."

He looked at her helplessly. There's a lot *you* don't see! He wanted to say to her. There's such a lot I don't tell you! The time, this summer, when Amy got so high at the club, and I drove her around for three hours before I brought her home. Her flirtation with Bob Everett, and how desperately I worked to keep Madge Everett from making a public scene at the Cedars when Amy and Bob came in together.

She was smiling again. "John dear, you think I don't worry enough about Amy." He jumped—amazed, as he often was, at the uncanny instinct of women. "Amy's flighty and impulsive, but actually I think her feet are more firmly planted on the ground than your own."

Carlton Armstrong went with them to the South Station to see Amy off—a radiant, sparkling Amy, looking nearer sixteen than twenty-one, small and blonde and fragile.

"Well, mug," said Carlton tenderly, "don't drink any wooden whisky. You'll be seeing me."

John Alden looked away. His mother had prophesied



they would be married before spring, and if they were going to kiss like that, they ought to be.

"By, mammy." Amy hugged her mother. "By, John. Don't look quite so desperate, darling. The bad naughty producers won't start their hellish designs on me until I'm through school, you know."

"Heaven help the producers!" Carlton exclaimed.

John had done everything he could. He had seen to it that she was going to an extremely conservative student club, where rules and regulations should achieve some curbing of her impulses. But he was helpless to control her friendships, and Amy made friends as easily and as uncritically as a happy baby.

Perhaps, he thought as he returned to his office, if it had not been for Linda, he would not feel quite so intensely about the world of the theater.

He had been bewitched by it seven years ago, when he was twenty. Bewitched first, of course, by Linda. He had gone every night to watch her, the prettiest chorus girl in a musical filled with pretty girls. He had nearly flunked out of college that winter. Week-ends in New York, after the show left Boston . . . night clubs.

He had sold his watch, his evening studs, his car, every-

ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWARD KLAUCK

John Alden picked her up. "There!" he said softly. "There, little Frances, don't cry."

thing he could turn into the cash she always needed, and finally he had borrowed generously on the inheritance he would receive in five months' time. That was when his father had stepped in. But it was not Winthrop Freeman who put a stop to the affair. No one but Linda could have done that.

He remembered still his heady excitement as he let himself into her Seventy-second Street apartment with his key . . . and the amused, tired man in pajamas who had looked at him with such a baffling mixture of tolerance and sympathy. The man had said, "Hello, pal," and added without raising his voice, "You have a caller, Lin."

Linda came out of the kitchenette, wearing a pink cotton house coat and ostrich-feather mules. She had been, he could see now, rather decently sympathetic with him, though everything they said was blurred by pain until the words "my husband" probed into his brain. Until that instant he had planned to forgive her, to take her back; but to John Alden then—and perhaps still—marriage was sacred and irrevocable. He stammered, "You didn't write me," and the man in pajamas drawled, "Think you would have been interested—six years ago?"

For a year he had hated all women; and then, his heart calloused rather than healed, he had looked at his fifteen-year-old sister and noticed that she was growing up. He took her to a dance at the country club, and continued to take her until she received her first invitation from a beau. He was twenty-two then, graduated from Harvard and preparing for law school, and the young people called him "Nursie" and "Nanny." Twenty-four when his father died; and while Winthrop Freeman left behind him no economic problem, John Alden felt the responsibility of his mother and sister deeply.

AMY wrote with reasonable regularity, gay, uninformative letters, and in late October, casually, in the middle of the letter, she added:

"By the way, I've moved. I've taken an apartment with Frances Lockwood, an awfully talented young actress who plays the daughter in *To Love and Cherish*. The Stuyvesant Apartments—it's so convenient, right in the theater district."

After three days and nights of imaginings and forebodings John boarded the one-o'clock train for New York. Taxi to the Harvard Club, where he dropped his bag, and then he strode through the Saturday-night crowds in the theatrical district to his sister's new residence. The lobby was neither good nor bad; and the clerk seemed respectable enough.

Yes, Miss Freeman was in. Her brother? O. K. He plugged in the wire. "Miss Lockwood? Mr. Freeman is downstairs, to see his sister." He turned to John. "She's gone out again. Will you leave a message?"

John felt himself stiffen with suspicion. "Let me speak to Miss Lockwood, please."

The strange voice from upstairs was young and lovely. "How do you do, Mr. Freeman? Amy popped out about ten minutes ago—a dinner date. She'll be so sorry."

"May I come up and see you?" John's voice was stern.

Her hesitation was perceptible. "I'm going out, myself, in a minute. I'm playing, you see."

"I won't keep you," he told her.

"I'm not quite dressed—"

"I'll wait five minutes," he said firmly. "I really came to see you as much as Amy."

Five minutes later he rang the bell of Apartment 6-E. Frances Lockwood opened the door.

He followed her, almost warily, down a narrow hall, past two closed doors, into a small pleasant living room. The windows were open, but cigarette smoke and the smell of drinks were still heavy in the air. John Alden's searching eyes noted empty bottles in the wastebasket, and the gleam of beer tins. There was a wet spot on the henna carpet. . . .

"Well?" Frances Lockwood murmured. He looked up, startled. She had an amazing voice; amusement, resentment, reproof, and something like fear were all in it.

Behind folding doors at one end of the room there was obviously the kitchenette, and he wanted to see it.

Adventure! . . . The lively, engaging tale of a careful young man who lost his heart in the wilds of Broadway

"You couldn't give a thirsty traveler a drink, could you?" he asked, and her gray eyes looked directly into his, and narrowed, still amused, still resentful.

"Exhibit Three," said Frances Lockwood. "Are you a good lawyer, Mr. John Alden Freeman?" She opened the doors, and precisely the chaos he had expected lay behind them. "It has always," added Miss Lockwood dispassionately, "mystified me that people can soil glasses amounting to the square of their own number." She swung about so that she faced him, looking extremely neat and trim against that background of disorder. "Now that we've opened Pandora's box, how would you like to take me out and buy me a cocktail?"

He did not flush outwardly, but she had made him feel like a boor. "I should be delighted," he said.

She was wearing a hat, a small gray felt with a green feather, and she picked up green suede gloves and a green handbag from the table. He held the gray Persian lamb coat for her, and they walked back down the narrow hall.

"Bedroom—bath," she remarked as they passed the closed doors. "Open for inspection on your next visit."

She closed the door, pressed the elevator button, and John Alden was certain that he heard a door open, heard footsteps in Apartment 6-E. He looked quickly at Frances Lockwood, but her face was impassive.

SHE accepted without enthusiasm his invitation to dinner. Seated opposite her, John watched her sip slowly at a glass of sherry while he drank two cocktails. She was extremely pretty. Her skin was pale, and her gray eyes were edged with startlingly dark lashes. That, of course, would be make-up; but it was effective, as was her curved scarlet mouth. Her hair hung, in what they called a page-boy bob, almost to her shoulders, not glittering gold like Amy's, but at once lustrous and pallid.

"What are you thinking about?" she inquired. "You wanted to talk with me."

Her gray eyes were not really friendly, but he smiled. He had been thinking, looking at her, that if she were not Amy's roommate . . .

"About Amy," he said. "Is she behaving herself?"

Frances Lockwood nodded. "She's a sweet kid."

"H'm-m," said her brother. "Is she working?"

Miss Lockwood smiled. "She's not overworking."

"Drinking much?"

She looked at him levelly. "Don't you really think that you should ask Amy these questions? I'm her roommate, not her guardian."

"Is that an answer?" asked John sharply.

"I shouldn't be surprised if you were a good lawyer," she said. "Amy drinks—" She shrugged. "She's not a dipsomaniac, if that's what you mean."

He felt dislike in her attitude, and John Alden was not accustomed to inspiring dislike in young women. "I suppose you have no idea when she'll be back?" he inquired.

She shrugged. "It's Saturday night—we always sleep late on Sundays." She looked at her wrist watch. "Will you ask the waiter to hurry my coffee? I have to be at the theater by eight fifteen."

He walked with her to the stage door; and though it was not the same theater at which Linda had played, it made him feel a little sick. He had been so young then, so pitifully vulnerable. Seven years ago, and now Amy was twenty-one, and young and vulnerable.

His feet led him back toward the club before he was aware of direction. He might as well go up to his room and look over the briefs he had brought with him.

Amy telephoned him at noon. "John darling! I'm so sorry I missed you yesterday. Why didn't you let me know you were coming? Want to take me to lunch?"

"Of course," he said.

She came down into the lobby to meet him, and as always he was struck by her smallness and fragility. In the restaurant, she demanded a cocktail. "Is this lunch or breakfast?" he inquired sternly, and she grinned. "Neither, darling. It's just Sunday morning—inevitably following Saturday night."

"Amy, are you drinking too much?"

"John Alden, do you drink enough?" Even when he was angry with her, or worried about her, he found her irresistible.

She ordered an old-fashioned, and drank it rapidly.

"H'm-m!" said John, watching her disapprovingly. "Does your roommate have many parties like yesterday's?"

"Now, Nanny!" she used the old nickname. "Darling, will you never realize that I'm grown up? An adult. Me."

She chattered amusingly about school and the students and instructors, but when he left her, except that he had met Frances Lockwood, he knew no more about Amy's life than before he had come. He had hoped to take Amy to dinner, but she was engaged.

He wired Amy, preparing her for his second visit, and took a Friday midnight train. WILL BE AT SCHOOL UNTIL NOON SATURDAY, she had wired back, and after he dropped his bag at the club he took a taxi to the school.

Mr. Beecham, the director, smiled when John introduced himself. "So you're Amy Freeman's brother." He leaned back in his chair and studied John as though he were amused at the relationship. "What do you think about Amy's becoming an actress?"

John had not come here to answer questions. "I want to know what you think," he said.

"I imagine we're of one mind," Mr. Beecham murmured equably. "She's a fascinating child. Possibly, if she would work—"

"She doesn't, then?" John Alden asked.

The director shrugged. "Are you surprised? Amy'll always be too busy living to work at anything else. She ought to get married—and will, of course." He hesitated. "I think she's overdoing it a little," he added. "Do you know anything about her friends and associations?"

"She's rooming with a young actress. Frances Lockwood."

"Oh, yes." The director nodded. "Not one of our students, but a very talented young woman."

"Do you know anything about her?" John asked, wondering why he felt uncomfortably like a spy.

"Just her work. She's been around Broadway since she was a youngster. Ambitious—and with great promise. Great promise."

JOHN waited in the lobby, and Amy came out of the elevator and flung her arms around him.

He bought her lunch at the Ritz, and, by a series of coincidences, six pairs of stockings, a handbag, gloves, and a hat. Walking down Fifth Avenue carrying her parcels, he remembered shopping trips with Linda, and he looked at his little sister sharply. She wouldn't let any other man buy her gifts, would she?

"Francey's at the theater. Let's go back to the apartment and have a long talk," she said.

This time the apartment was scrupulously clean, and there was a note on the table which he read without thinking:

Amy—I ordered the groceries and they'll be delivered at six. Your blue suit came back from the cleaner's and I put it in your closet. Took your blue shoes to the shop on the corner—you can get them at five. If you want soda, you'll have to buy it yourself. I washed out your stockings. Joe and Marvin and Lee Franklin called and will call again around five. FRANCES.

Joe, who turned out to be a young actor, telephoned from the lobby downstairs almost at once; so there was, after all, no opportunity for intimate conversation.

"Want a drink?" Amy asked him after he had said, "Hello, darling," and kissed her in the casual manner of the theater.

"Don't be silly," said Joe, and opened the kitchenette doors. "John? A spot?"

John tried not to look stiff and disapproving, tried not to sit like a bump on a log while they talked of people he did not know, of things which did not concern him.

Frances Lockwood came in shortly before six, and threw her hat on the table, started to drop into a chair, saw John and straightened her sagging shoulders. "How do you do, Mr. Freeman?"

"Mister Freeman!" mocked Amy. "John to you, Francey."

"Drink, Frances?" Joe asked.

"Dope!" said Amy. "Francey never—" But Frances Lockwood said, "Please, Joe—I'm out on my feet." She smiled, rather politely, at John Alden. "There's no midway in this profession," she explained. "Either you wear yourself out walking the streets and haunting casting offices, or you're worn out through being in a hit. Six evening performances, two matinees, and two benefits this week!"

"You should complain," said Joe.

"I'm not. But I'd like to sleep for a week." She sipped her highball.

She looked pathetically tired, John Alden noticed, and he reflected virtuously about candles burned at both ends. Amy was yanking unsuccessfully at a tray of ice cubes frozen into the refrigerator, and Frances said, "No—here, I'll do it," and stood up, and John noticed with amazement that Amy looked almost robust standing beside Frances Lockwood.

"What about dinner?" John asked. "Won't you all three dine with me?"

"Johnny, I'm devastated, but I have a date I simply can't break," Amy told him.

"Will you, Frances?"

She sighed. "Why don't we fix something here?" she suggested. "Joe, you'll stay and eat with us?"

"Frances, I'd break a date even with Amy to eat anything you cooked," Joe said, "but I'm seeing Briggs at seven about a radio job."

"My cooking won't be much tonight, I'm afraid," Frances said. "Perhaps there's something gayer you'd like to do, John?"

"I'd like to stay very much, if it's not too much trouble," he answered.

Joe and Amy went out together. John set the table, and Frances Lockwood moved with the expertness of practice in the kitchenette. Tomato-juice cocktail, seasoned subtly—"You can shake this, if you will, John"—eggs baked with cheese and cream and asparagus tips, a green salad in a wooden bowl with a French dressing that was perfect, hot toasted crackers with sour cream and gooseberry jam, and strong coffee.

"I haven't had such a good meal in years," John said. She started to rise. "Sit still—I can scrape dishes," he told her, and she watched him amusedly while he cleaned up. It gave him an odd husbandly feeling which was pleasant, until he remembered all the meals he had cooked with Linda. Remembering Linda made him obscurely angry with her entire sex.

He looked at Frances Lockwood resentfully. The girl was clever, he told himself. She had guided their conversation skillfully to books and plays, even to politics; they had not mentioned Amy once.

"I'd like to see your show tonight," he said. "And perhaps you'll let me take you out—some quiet place where we can sit and talk—afterward?"

She smiled, and he felt a momentary pity for her obvious fatigue. She ought, he knew, to go straight to bed after her performance.

Frances Lockwood had a small part but an important one. Or perhaps she made it important; when she was on the stage, John Alden found it impossible to look at any one else. She was unquestionably talented, he admitted, and extremely lovely in the gold evening gown she wore in the third act. The page-boy bob was brushed up and swathed smoothly about her head, and her neck was white and slender above bare shoulders.

It was almost a shock to see her, at the stage entrance, in a short black wool dress and the gray Persian lamb coat, with her hair hanging lank, looking like a tired schoolgirl again, after her glamorous sophistication of fifteen minutes before. You simply, reflected John Alden, never knew where you were with actresses.

She accompanied him reluctantly to a café, and asked for hot milk.

"Come, come," he said banteringly. "It's Saturday night, you know. You can sleep all day tomorrow."

"I'd like milk, please, John," she answered quietly. He shrugged. "As you please." He looked across at her. "Miss Lockwood, you can help me, if you will. Getting any information from Amy is too much like trying to hold a live eel. You live with her—you see her every day. I want to know how she's behaving."

Frances Lockwood gave him a long level look. "I see. I'm to be sort of a stool pigeon. Teacher, teacher, Amy threw a spitball!"

"Don't be absurd," he retorted. "Amy is—well, thoughtless."

"She's twenty-one, you know," Frances reminded him. "If she hasn't got good sense by now—"

"Rot!" interrupted John Alden. "Amy's young for her age in many ways. We've spoiled her. I don't know how old you are, and I'm not asking, but surely you must feel some sense of responsibility toward her. I don't even know how you happened to take this apartment together; where you met—anything about you."

She sipped her hot milk, looking at him over the rim of the glass. "In short, you'd like to know if I'm a fit companion for your sister?"

"Is that so strange?" he asked, a trifle defensively.

She hesitated. "Strange?" she repeated. "You know, Mr. John Alden Freeman, I think it's rather insulting." She had not taken off her coat; she picked up her gloves and bag. "I'm very tired," she said, "and I'm not amused. Please don't bother to come with me." She walked quietly out of the café, and John Alden sat and watched her go.

He was suddenly fed up with the whole situation. Let Amy take care of herself, he thought irritably, and boarded the sleeper for Boston.

For nearly a week he held the pose, hewed to the line. But on the following Friday, at dinner at home with his mother, he said abruptly, "I think I'll pop over to New York tonight. See how the kid's getting on."

Peg Freeman smiled. "And the kid's roommate?"

John Alden banged his fist on the table and snapped, "Don't be a dam' fool!" He stared at her, startled. "I'm sorry, mother. I don't know what—"

Her expression was alert, interested. "I have a couple of things I'd like you to take to Amy," she said pleasantly. "I'll go get them."

The train again, breakfast in the station, like an old remembered tune. . . . He wondered if it were too early to telephone, and decided that it was. Frances probably slept late. He wondered if she were any more rested, and he held off from calling until eleven o'clock, when he was told that both girls had gone out. He left word for Amy to call him at the club.

She telephoned at four. "What a commuter you're becoming! I'm beginning to think you have a girl in New York, John Alden!"

"If I have, you must be it," he answered. "Can I come over and see you?"

"Sure. Carlton's here," she answered. "I'm taking him to a cocktail party—come along with us."

He went because he had nothing else to do. But they were all so young; nothing that they said amused or interested him. He heard a girl's whisper, "Who's old sourpuss in the corner?"

Amy and Carlton were spending Sunday together on Long Island, and Frances was away for the week-end. He took a plane home next morning.

He flew again, the following Wednesday, and he went directly to the theater where Frances was playing, and sat through the matinee. When she came out the stage door and saw him she said, "Good heavens!"

John Alden smiled almost shyly. "I just saw your show again. I don't think I told you before what a swell job you do."

"Thanks," she said shortly.

He felt absurdly like a college boy again, waiting timorously outside a theater for An Actress. "I just flew on from Boston," he confided. "It's—it's quite nice, flying. Have you done much of it?"



PHYLLIS
DUGANNE

was reared in a literary atmosphere by Inez Haynes Irwin and Will Irwin, so it was quite natural that she should turn to writing. She is the author of one novel, but is known chiefly for her many short stories. She is married and has a daughter, Jane.

Frances Lockwood looked at him, and her lips twitched. "I've got to do it right now," she said. "I have an early dinner engagement. Good-by."

He did not even telephone Amy. He dined alone at the club and returned to the theater. This time, another man was waiting outside the brick wall, and when Frances appeared, he held out his hands. "Hello, darling," she cried in her warm voice, and then she saw John. "Oh, hello," she said. "Mr. Freeman—Mr. Clark," she introduced them. "Did you want to see me, John?"

He swallowed. "You don't happen to know where Amy is, do you?"

"I'm sorry—I don't."

"Thanks." They walked up the alley together, separated on the sidewalk, and John saw Mr. Clark hail a taxi and help Frances into it. His feet carried him past the Stuyvesant Apartments, and he turned back and went in. Yes, Miss Freeman was at home. He went upstairs, and Carlton and Joe and two youngsters he had met at the cocktail party were playing poker. John took a hand and several drinks; he needed them.

Frances came in at one thirty, and as John rose from his chair at her entrance, Amy whistled.

"So that's it!" she cried. "Why didn't I see it before? It's perfect—it's priceless—it's colossal!"

"Are you talking about anything, mug?" Carlton inquired.

Amy was laughing. "Plenty! John's been pretending it was me he came to see. And of course—it's *Frances!*"

Frances Lockwood's pale face became almost dead white and extraordinarily still. "Amy, sometimes I think you're a half-wit," she said clearly. "I'm going to bed, and, just *once*, try not to wake me up when you come."

"Oh-oh," said Amy demurely, as Frances slammed the bedroom door. "Temper from Little Eva!"

John Alden said stiffly, "You never have had any tact, Amy," and, to his surprise and confusion, they all laughed. He looked at them questioningly, realizing that he had had perhaps one drink too many.

Amy kissed his cheek. "I think it's marvelous, darling. You're absolutely made for each other! Frances has always reminded me of you, now that I think of it!"

Young laughter rose again, and in the bedroom the closet door slammed.

"I'm going home," said John Alden, with dignity. "And I should think the rest of you would, too. How do you expect Frances to get any sleep in this racket?"

THE telephone awakened him in the morning. "John? This is Mrs. Carlton Armstrong speaking." Because he had lain awake most of the night, his brain was heavy with sleep. "Who?" he demanded.

"We're married," she said happily. "The young couple expect to—what, Carlton? O. K. G'by, John; we've got to catch a train!"

He got a morning plane home. Peg Freeman was a little shocked by the abruptness of her daughter's marriage, but pleased and on the whole relieved. There was mischief in her eyes when she said, "And now you won't have to be popping on to New York every other day, John." He grinned, and started to tell her about Frances and changed his mind. Not yet; he wanted to see Frances again, first.

His mother went to bed early, and John Alden sat before the open fire and thought about Frances Lockwood. Was he really in love with her? He scarcely knew the girl. He smiled. Of course he knew her! He could see her face, the ivory pallor of her skin, the clear gray of her eyes, as clearly as though he had known her all his life. Her lovely warm voice . . .

It seemed oddly natural, the next minute, to be hearing it when he answered the ring of the telephone.

"Mr. Freeman, please. John? This is Frances Lockwood."

"I know," he answered softly.

"John, I don't want you to ask me any questions. Could you come right back to New York tonight?"

"Yes," he answered. And added, "Darling!"

She had hung up. And then abruptly he understood. She had telephoned about Amy, of course. What a fool he was to think it could have been anything else! Frances

wanted to break the news gently, that was all. The sensible thing would be to call her back at once, to tell her that they knew. The sensible thing . . .

As the wheels of the night train ground beneath him, he lay awake, impatient and excited. From the desk in the Stuyvesant Apartments he called her. "I'm downstairs. Shall I come up?"

She looked more tired than he could have believed possible, her eyes dark and deep in her pale face.

"You were good to come," she said. "I suppose you're going to blame me—" She lifted her chin. "John, Amy hasn't been home since sometime Wednesday night. She went out after you left, and I can't find any trace of her. I've called every one." She met his eyes steadily, and tears suddenly rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, my darling!" cried John. "You didn't know? I'm so sorry—what a complete idiot I am!"

"What do you mean?" she asked tensely.

"I could break her neck for not telling you! She married Carlton Armstrong yesterday morning."

Frances sat down on the couch and stared at him. "You *knew!* You knew last night when I phoned!"

"But I thought you knew too," he said.

SHE put her face in her hands and began to cry—deep sobs, like a child. "I never worried so!" she sobbed. "I didn't sleep all night. I thought the most dreadful things. I don't know how I got through my performance. I—" She lifted her head and looked at him bitterly, with wet wide-open eyes. "So little Amy's married!" she said in a strained voice. "Well—thank God! I never was so glad of anything in my life!"

"Frances," John Alden began.

"Don't you Frances me!" she snapped. "I've taken care of your little sister, waited on her, picked up her things, put her to bed when she's had too many cocktails, worried about her, *agonized* over her—"

"Darling—" John said.

"Don't you darling me, either! Do you know why I didn't want you to come up here, the first time you came to New York? Because your precious little sister had been having a cocktail party all afternoon and had drunk too many herself! I haven't had one night's sleep since we took this apartment! Do you—"

"Oh, Frances," he interrupted, "I've been a sap!"

She nodded her head passionately. "You—snooping around, thinking I was a bad influence on Amy, asking questions, telling me I should have more sense of responsibility!" She flung back her head and laughed angrily. "Do you know how old I am, Mr. Lawyer John Alden Freeman? I'm nineteen! And I'm sick of being a combination nursemaid, policeman, and chaperon!"

"Frances—"

"Be still!" she commanded. "You, looking at me as if I was immoral and—and *bad*—because I'm an actress! Let me tell you, being an actress is every bit as hard—and as respectable—as being a lawyer! If you think—" Suddenly she collapsed, a very small exhausted girl, sobbing her heart out against the arm of the couch.

John Alden picked her up and sat down in the armchair with her. Her cheek was wet and hot against his neck. "There, there!" said John Alden very softly. "There, little Frances, don't cry."

She fell asleep so instantly that he stared down at her in alarm, half afraid that she had fainted or even died. Her black lashes—and it was not make-up, he realized now—lay still against her pale cheeks, and he could scarcely hear her breathing. He carried her into the bedroom, where the twin beds stood side by side, neatly made. He pulled away the spread and put her down. He covered her gently, opened the window, and lowered the shade.

It was eight o'clock in the morning, and he was sure that she would sleep until time for her evening performance. He sat down in the living room by the window to wait until she awakened; it wouldn't seem long. It was sweet to be close to her, to know that she was resting at last. When she woke he'd get her something to eat, walk with her to the theater, wait and bring her home. She was such a little wisp of a thing. But he would be there to take care of her, now and always and forever.

THE END



WHY I AM

for

**THE PEOPLE'S VOTE
ON WAR**

A challenging word
to all who fear the
Ludlow Amendment

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EUROPE is mobilized. Listen to your radio: Europe is fighting. London bombed. Berlin bombed. Rome bombed. Paris bombed. Fifty thousand killed in successful raid, fleeing population trapped by flames. Corpses choke Danube, pestilence spreading. Terrific slaughter on western front.

We know this is coming. The whole world knows it. For this the world pours its wealth into air fleets, submarines, guns and tanks and poison gas.

Hold your babies in your arms, see the helpless small things toothlessly laughing. Look at your sons and daughters, with the clear light of youth in their faces. Stand together, husband and wife; be gay and brave for each other in these hard times. Some day soon your radio will say: "War. Now."

You want no part in that war. But imagine this:

Germany, the strongest European dictatorship, fights Russia, the huge Asiatic dictatorship. The dictator of Turkey joins Germany. Japan goes in on the side of

the Russian dictator, and so do France and England.

America wants peace. Our idealistic President sends a personal friend to Europe. He speaks for the President. Without our knowledge, without the knowledge of Congress, he tells foreign governments that we will fight for them. He signs a secret agreement. Secretly, the President signs it. He bases our diplomacy on it. Little by little, secretly, our diplomacy moves toward war.

We have a national election. The President asks us to vote for him and keep out of war. We re-elect him. Then the foreign governments speak. Our President puts America into the war, and asks Congress for a formal declaration of the fact. Some congressmen resist; a few even stand firm. But Congress declares war. And conscription clamps down on us.

You think this cannot happen? It has happened. Those paragraphs are history. The President was Mr. Wilson. His friend was Colonel House. The secret agreement was the House-Grey agreement, signed in March, 1916, and kept secret until Liberty printed it in its issue of March 19, 1932.

Our men were conscripted. Free speech and free assembly were suppressed. Federal secret police spied everywhere. For saying that war is horrible, men were sent to federal penitentiaries for twenty years. We poured out lives and fortunes for England and France and for czarist Russia, monarchist Italy, and the Mikado's Japan, "to make the world safe for democracy."

What did we do for the world? We prolonged the war, thus bringing Communism to Russia. We enabled the exhausted Allies to inflict the Versailles Treaty that created Fascism. The world can thank America for Stalin and Mussolini and Hitler.

For ourselves? We reap the harvest of every war: a wasted generation; a crumbling of religion and morals; billions owed for unpaid debts; a collapse of overexpanded farming and industry; a first war depression (in 1924); an era of frenzied speculation; a price collapse, and the real war depression, not ended yet.

Do you think this will not happen again? No? What is to prevent it?

Already the same propaganda that we heard before is making the same effort to scare us. "Dictators threaten democracy and civilization!" "The Western democracies" must stand together again (with Stalin and the Turkish dictator this time, but not with Czecho-Slovakia. Hush, hush!). Isn't it our duty to make the world safe for these "Western democracies" some more?

If you believe that America's job is to take care of American personal freedom and American civilization, and save them from this coming war, what can you do?

Elect a President and Congress who stand for neutrality? Yes. We did that in 1916. Elect them in November. Can you keep them from conscripting us for the European war the next April? Can you? How?

THE war will begin. America wants to stay out of it. We wanted to stay out of the last one. Our President then was a sincere patriot. Any President will be a sincere patriot. If he sends a personal friend to Europe, can we object? If they sign secret agreements, can we know it? If our diplomacy is not neutral, can we stop that? When our country is actually at war, can Congress refuse to declare war and conscription? And will you or I be traitors?

Americans have an implicit right to refuse to fight. Our Constitution guarantees every citizen's right to bear arms, to defend himself against this government if he wants to. When our Bill of Rights was written, volunteers were expected to be forever our country's defense. For nearly a century a free militia furiously defended America, and always refused to obey orders to fight when it did not want to fight. Americans were the world's one free citizenry; they had the right to choose war or peace. We still have that right; it has not been yielded or repealed.

But how can we use that right in the world today? Modern war is totalitarian; when it begins, freedom must vanish. We must accept conscription. It is necessary in modern war. And when, rightly or wrongly, our country is fighting, neither patriots nor cowards will resist conscription.

If ever any nation foolishly attacks ours, patriots will want conscription. This country will rise in one fury and lick its enemy to a frazzle.

But, when Europe resumes its war, how in this modern world can we use our right to refuse to be conscripted again without our consent, to fight again for foreigners?

Only one way is proposed. The Ludlow Amendment.

The Ludlow Amendment provides that Congress shall not declare war without the consent of the people voting in a referendum, *unless a foreign Power attacks, invades, or threatens military action against the United States or our territorial possessions, or any other country in this hemisphere.*

Note these exceptions carefully. They mean that if any nation moves against us or threatens the Monroe Doctrine, this amendment has *no effect*. The Ludlow Amendment means only that we cannot again be conscripted to fight in a foreign war without our consent.

Congressman Ludlow introduced this amendment in the Seventy-fourth Congress. It was killed in committee. He introduced it in the next Congress. A majority of the House voted to get it out of committee. But the administration's whips (by only twelve votes in the House and eight in the Senate) blocked the Congress' attempt merely to debate this question.

That is *only* natural. Any Executive, of either party, will oppose the amendment. Men in office are human,

and no human Executive can want such a check on his power.

For two years I have been hunting up objections to the Ludlow Amendment. Here are the best I have heard:

First objection. Our country is not a democracy but a republic. Our Constitution was made to protect our personal freedom from the tyranny of majority rule as well as from the tyranny of a dictator. Democracy (majority rule) always quickly sets up a demagogue as a dictator, and destroys liberty. Therefore the Ludlow Amendment is dangerous because it gives too much power to a majority of the people.

I do not think it does. It does not give us any more power to *govern*; it gives us only a veto power. Congress will not call a war referendum unless Congress is ready to declare war. If we also want war, our vote will have no practical effect. If we do not want war, our vote will be a veto. A veto is a *check on governing power* intended and (in our right to bear arms) written in our Bill of Rights.

Second objection. Ours is representative government. We elect men to office, and we should trust and obey them.

But it is not our American tradition to trust politicians too much. The first great Americans said that power corrupts the best of men. They made a new kind of government, to limit and check the power of men in office, precisely because they did not trust any man to act always wisely or even honestly. They warned us to be eternally vigilant, or we would lose our liberty.

Let Europeans reverence and obey their aristocrats and dictators. We Americans know that the men we elect are as human as we are. We know that power may corrupt them, and that certainly they may make mistakes. We give them certain limited powers for a limited time. We never gave them the power to conscript us, without our consent, for foreign wars.

Third objection. The Ludlow Amendment will weaken our national defense.

No one has been able to tell me how it can. It does not touch our national defense. If we are attacked, it does not apply.

Fourth objection. We may have to act quickly. A referendum will take too much time.

But it applies only to our entering foreign wars. What can the hurry be? If haste is necessary, we could take a national vote in ten days or less. Is that too long to think about repeating our part in the last war?

Fifth objection. This amendment will weaken our diplomacy.

DOES our diplomacy depend on being able to promise, without our knowledge or consent, that we will fight for any country not our own? That was American diplomacy in 1916. Do we want any more of it?

Or does our diplomacy depend on threatening to fight when we do not intend to fight? Such empty threats are dangerous. America needs no such bluffing. We are one of the world's strongest military Powers. Every foreign government knows that Americans always fight furiously in defense of America and of all genuine American interests, and that we win our wars. That seems a sufficient basis for sound American diplomacy.

It might strengthen our diplomacy to let the world know that when or if we should fight, we will fight with united enthusiasm, not as a divided and conscripted people, but in the spirit of freemen defending their own.

The Ludlow Amendment is again before our Congress. Do you want it debated? Do you want it passed? Do you want a chance to discuss it in your state, to ratify it and make it part of our Constitution?

If you do, if you want your American right to refuse to fight for any foreign cause that you do not want to fight for, then don't just sit there. Act! Speak to your servants, whose wages you are paying. Write to your senators and your representative in Washington. Write, "I want the Ludlow Amendment," and sign your name. If you order it, you will get it. It will cost you ten minutes and three postage stamps.

Our great-grandchildren will grow old earning and scrimping to pay what the last war is costing us.

THE END

THERE have been more all-star major-league baseball teams picked in the past year than there are male admirers of Hedy Lamarr. A player who wasn't made a member of at least one of those supposedly star-studded squads either came up from the minor leagues too late in the season, or was home, sick in bed.

If this were to be just another in that long list, it would have less reason for being than a fur-lined bathtub. But this team was not picked by any particular group of sports writers, prominent fans, big-business executives, or editors. This team was picked by the ballplayers themselves!

Over one hundred major leaguers voted in this poll. One of the conditions upon which they insisted before casting ballots was that their names be kept strictly anonymous, in order to insure frank and honest opinions.

Both Liberty and this writer are duly appreciative of the fact that it is through the medium of this magazine that these skilled artists of the diamond are doing homage to the best in their profession.

This all-star team has not been selected on the basis of one game, or one week, but on a full season. The following question was broached to the players:

"If you were made manager of your team tomorrow, and were given the money and the opportunity to buy any ballplayers you desired, what is the line-up you would put on the field on opening day? Also name the other three regular pitchers you would want."

In the American League, Jimmy Foxx was named over Hank Greenberg at first base. The reasons for the choice are: Foxx hit fifty home runs, he belted opposition pitching for an average of .349, which led both leagues, and he batted in 175 runs, more than any other player in either circuit could send across the plate. Now fully recovered from his sinus difficulties, Foxx is the league's most valuable player.

The ballots on the second-base position were divided between Charlie Gehringer and Joe Gordon. That Gordon was even mentioned in the same breath with the Gliding Ghost is a rare tribute. Conceded to be the best second sacker since Napoleon Lajoie, Gehringer's bat earned him his post, since there is little to choose between them in the field.

At shortstop we find Joe Cronin. This ballplayer for whom Tom Yawkey, the personable Red Sox owner, paid the record price of \$250,000, is still the best shortstop in his league—and perhaps in all baseball. "He's got a pair of hands," the ballplayers tell you, which is their way of complimenting a sure fielder. In addition, Cronin outhit such vaunted belters as Joe DiMaggio, Hank Greenberg, and Bill Dickey. Joe got the job without a murmur of protest.

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA BASEBALL TEAM BY JERRY D. LEWIS

Presenting a new roster of fame — The supreme major-league stars as named by vote of the candidates themselves!

The competition at third base was really keen, the rivals being Robert "Red" Rolfe, of the Yankees, and Buddy Lewis, the youngster who came up from the American Legion semi-pro ranks to the Washington Senators. Both are fast, good hitters and young enough to be valuable for years, barring the injuries to which ballplayers are heir. The final choice was Rolfe, because of a fifteen-point advantage in last year's batting averages, and also because there are few finer bunters in either league than this carrot-topped gamester from the hills of New Hampshire.

The outfield will be presented as a unit, but there is one to whose name we must lend a little extra glitter. When the ballots were tabulated, his name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, led all the rest. Liberty last year carried an article by Daniel M. Daniel which named him the "Number One Player" in baseball. The ballplayers agree. His name, in case you have missed the sports pages for the past few seasons, is Joe DiMaggio.

Here is a player the others are willing to be quoted on, but we refrain because of lack of space. All their comments were summed up by one who said:

"They tell you about how great Cobb, Speaker, and all the rest were. I didn't play with them, but I watched them carefully, because I loved baseball even then. Believe me when I tell you that there is nothing any of them could do that this kid can't do as well. He can hit, he can field, he

can run bases, he can throw, and I wouldn't be surprised to find that he can cook better than anybody else in the big leagues!"

The other two outfielders chosen were Geoff Heath, the chunky shooting star from Cleveland who skyrocketed through American League pitching last season, his first in the majors, to the merry tune of .343, finishing second to Jimmy Foxx when the figgers were added; and Ben Chapman, the former speed king of the New York Yankees, who went to the Boston Red Sox, and then to the same Cleveland Indians. Ben hit .340 last year, which means that if both he and Heath continue to blast at their 1938 rate of production, Oscar Vitt should have few outfield worries.

The honor of catching for the American League team was unanimously awarded to the Arkansas Traveler, Bad Bill Dickey. All he can do is hit home runs, catch perfectly—he has dropped less than five foul balls since he's been in the league!—and think things through for his pitchers. Since, under our present form of government, that is all a catcher is legally entitled to do, Dickey got the job without competition.

Those whose job in life it is to drag a bat up to home plate have voted as the pitcher they least like to face Charlie "Red" Ruffing, giving the team a New York Yankee hue. Blame that on the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Ed Barrow, and Joe McCarthy. There are two ways of judg-

ing a pitcher—either on the number of games he wins, or on the number of runs he allows opponents per nine-inning game. Ruffing allowed no room for criticism—he won the most games, 21, and he had the lowest earned-run average in the league, 3.32.

“Buck” Newsom of the St. Louis Browns, who won 20 games with a last-place team, a prodigious performance, was named as the second pitcher for Mr. Harridge’s league. “Lefty” Gomez and Bobby Feller, the two fast-ball kings, were also chosen by the pseudo-managers.

In the National League, the voting, though just as spirited, was more scattered. True, there were a few positions where the leaders stood out like extra thumbs, but for the most part the contests were close.

A few scattered votes were cast for Frank McCormick, the Cincinnati youngster who helped lift the team out of its 1937 cellar position. But when all was said and done, the first baseman on the National League’s star-studded squad was Johnny Mize. Jolting Johnny finished second in the league in batting, and first in the slugging column, which clearly earned him the accolade.

Almost every fan will tell you that at second base Billy Herman of the Cubs is the kingpin. But the players chose “Pep” Young of the Pirates. Young did not find himself until the season had been on its way for about six weeks. Just before the trading season closed, Bill Terry of the Giants offered \$35,000 and three players for Pep. At the last-hour, Manager Traynor nixed the deal. From that time on, Young played the best second base in the National League, outthitting and outfielding the Cub star.

For shortstop, the National Leaguers selected Young’s Pittsburgh sidekick, “Arky” Vaughan. This, too, was quite at variance with almost every other all-star team, which nominated either Billy Jurgens or Dick Bartell. A look at the records, though, shows that the athletes chose wisely. Not only did Arky outhit his rivals (he outhit the nearest one by 44 points!) but he also accepted more chances in the field than his “Fancy Dan” rivals.

Several of the players named Leo Durocher, new manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, as their shortstop. You can get some idea of what a sincere tribute they are paying to his fielding when you learn that in 1938 he hit .219!

At third base there was no rivalry. The only choice that could have been made with a straight face was Stanley Hack, who is so far the best third baseman that the choice could have been made without taking any poll. In addition to his sure fielding, he was the league’s sixth ranking hitter last season.

This outfield, too, will be presented as a unit, and here, as in the American League, one name stands out. That name is Joe Medwick. National Leaguers tell you that if he is not the greatest hitter that ever lived—and they give that point grudgingly—he is so close to the best that the margin defies description. They don’t tell you that he is the greatest ball-

player in the league today, because if they felt that you didn’t already know that, they wouldn’t even bother speaking to you.

The other two outfielders are Mel Ott, the stubby boy wonder of the Giants, and Lloyd Waner. There were a few votes for Harry Craft, the yearling ball hawk of the Reds, but Waner’s superior hitting won for him.

Behind the plate, Harry Danning gave Ernie Lombardi a stiff battle, but “Schnoz” finished in front. He

led the league in hitting. Danning, who had some positively hysterical supporters, might have won the nod if he hadn’t been outhit by 35 points. Lombardi rooters, however, pointed out that in addition to leading the league, Ernie also caught a lot of young pitchers, and brought one of them, Johnny Vander Meer, through two no-hit games in succession.

The standout pitcher in the National Leaguers’ private book is General Big Bill Lee, the work horse of the Chicago Cubs. Lee did in his league what Ruffing did in the American circuit—he won the most games, 22, and led in earned-run averages with 2.66, a great record. Lee not only started games, but many times he trudged from the bull pen to relieve a faltering teammate.

Number two in the no-hit parade was the Cincinnati CIPHERER, Johnny Vander Meer. Paul Derringer, also of the Reds, and Clay Bryant of Chicago round out the hurling quarter. These four won 77 games among them, a single victory more than the combined efforts of the American League’s four.

The pitching selections were eyebrow-raising in only one respect—the American Leaguers omitted Bob “Lefty” Grove, and the National Leaguers failed to elect either Carl Hubbell or “Dizzy” Dean. A year ago, naming an all-star team without that trio would have been almost sacrilegious.

The ballplayer of today is constantly striving for the finer things in life. I asked one of the Giants the question, phrasing it: “If you were made manager of the Giants tomorrow, what would your first move be?”

He looked around the uptown hotel room he called home, and said, “My first move? From here to a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria!”

HERE ARE THE TWO LINE-UPS

AMERICAN			NATIONAL		
Jimmy Foxx, Red Sox	First Base	Johnny Mize, Cardinals	First Base	Johnny Mize, Cardinals	
Charlie Gehringer, Tigers	Second Base	Floyd “Pep” Young, Pirates	Second Base	Floyd “Pep” Young, Pirates	
Joe Cronin, Red Sox	Shortstop	“Arky” Vaughan, Pirates	Shortstop	“Arky” Vaughan, Pirates	
Robert “Red” Rolfe, Yankees	Third Base	Stanley Hack, Cubs	Third Base	Stanley Hack, Cubs	
Geoff Heath, Indians	Right Field	Mel Ott, Giants	Right Field	Mel Ott, Giants	
Joe DiMaggio, Yankees	Center Field	Lloyd Waner, Pirates	Center Field	Lloyd Waner, Pirates	
Ben Chapman, Indians	Left Field	Joe Medwick, Cardinals	Left Field	Joe Medwick, Cardinals	
Bill Dickey, Yankees	Catcher	Ernie Lombardi, Reds	Catcher	Ernie Lombardi, Reds	
Charlie “Red” Ruffing, Yankees	Pitcher	Bill Lee, Cubs	Pitcher	Bill Lee, Cubs	
“Buck” Newsom, Browns	“	Johnny Vander Meer, Reds	“	Johnny Vander Meer, Reds	
Vernon “Lefty” Gomez, Yankees	“	Paul Derringer, Reds	“	Paul Derringer, Reds	
Bobby Feller, Indians	“	Clay Bryant, Cubs	“	Clay Bryant, Cubs	

The two teams named have been chosen by the ballplayers. But there is still part of the job of selecting to be done by you fans. Which players do you think ought to be on the Liberty Major-League All-Star Team?

From the players selected above, pick the better man at each position, naming four pitchers on your staff. Give the reasons for your choices, limiting your letter to not more than 300 words. The writer of the best letter judged on the basis of convincingness of reasons will

receive a baseball autographed by Ford Frick and Will Harridge, presidents of the two major leagues, and by the twelve players he selects! All entries must be in the mail by May 1, in an envelope bearing a postmark on or before that date. The editors of Liberty and this writer will act as judges and their decisions will be final.

Foxx vs. Mize, Cronin vs. Vaughan, Rolfe vs. Hack, etc. Name your own all-star team from the players’ squads, and win that baseball!

THE END

1—The early photo at the right is of an Injun fighter and pony-express rider, born in Scott County, Iowa. He toured the U. S. and Europe with a show that thrilled Dad as a kid, and was nicknamed after a pretty scarce animal. Who?

2—What is the birthstone for April? The flower?

3—Which country is the Cockpit of Europe?

4—Who traded his birth-right for a meal?

5—Which former Secretary of the Navy is U. S. Ambassador to Mexico?

6—What jocular word puts all the vowels in order?

7—A hog is a domesticated what?

8—Once he was Herr Schickelgruber, but now is known by what name?

9—What does Sparks do aboard a ship?

10—Is sauterne a red, white, or blue wine?

QUESTIONS



11—What popular game did Stephen Epler invent in 1934?

12—Which silk stocking is sheerer, a two-thread or a four-thread?

13—Was it the Titanic or the Lusitania which sank after colliding with an iceberg?

14—Who authored the Spoon River Anthology?

15—If there are fifty-two Saturdays this year, how many Sundays are there?

16—About how many years ago were the small U. S. dollar bills introduced?

17—A red triangle is symbolic of what organization? A blue triangle?

18—Who was it that died one month after being inaugurated President of the U. S.?

19—Is a loach a fish, a bird, or an insect?

20—Who’s to play Rhett Butler in G. W. T. W.?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

Twilight CHEATS

**BY GRACE
PERKINS**

author of *No More Orchids*,
The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

**Business, 1939—and the
perils of romance! Don't
miss this brilliant novel**

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ANDREW LANE, handsome, happily married, and nearing forty, meets Perry Snow, a young woman photographer, in an office-building elevator that gets stuck between floors. After they are rescued, they go to dinner together.

Andrew tells his wife, Martha, about the episode, but does not mention that Perry is a beautiful blonde. She hears this from a friend who has seen them together, and, despite her absorption in her children and her confidence in her husband, she becomes uneasy.

Meanwhile Andrew finds it increasingly hard to forget Perry and to concentrate on his business—the selling of spruce ale. Finally a new advertising scheme gives him an excuse to call her to ask her to take photographs, and she invites him to have cocktails at her apartment.

PART TWO—A GHOST OF LOVE

WHEN Andrew Lane walked into Perry's apartment, he crossed a new frontier. It was

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

He went away with the picture of Perry with a kitten on her shoulder, her eyes shining.



a two-storied penthouse, which gave Perry northern light, a glass ceiling in her studio, balconied rooms (two of which were developing and enlarging plants), and a roof where a New Yorker could walk out and look at the city below and the world beyond and the stars. You were conscious, in that apartment, of animals, plants, and flowers.

It was the first time Andrew had seen Perry without a hat, under which her hair had been brushed vigorously up and back. Now he was stirred by the long loose ripples of saffron hair, parted in the center, hanging softly to her shoulders.

Andrew was both comforted and disappointed that another man was present. His name was Douglas Randolph. That he loved Perry was obvious; he had evidently loved her since he had had a front tooth broken fighting a high-school rival. He was evidently well-to-do, and owned a fairly large chain of motion-picture houses in Perry's native state. The only thing that irritated Andrew was the man's intimate knowledge of Perry's past. That she had suffered a tragic young love, any half-sensitive person could guess. But Doug Randolph seemed to know, to understand, and to suffer for her. And it made Andrew feel a little outclassed.

Perry made cocktails. A peach-juice-and-champagne concoction which she loved. She had discovered it somewhere in South America and called it Consuelo.

"Perry was telling me your idea about women endorsing your drink," Doug started things off, and laughed shortly. "But, you know, Perry doesn't like to do ladies."

"That's a rash misstatement," Perry contradicted. "I just don't like to do Nice Women. But I'll do them for you, Mr. Lane."

"The name is Andy," he said.

"Andy? No. I wouldn't call you Andy. You've probably been called Andy by every one all your life. Or Andrew. I'll call you Drew. Like it?"

His eyes smiled into hers, and at a gesture from her he handed her his glass to be filled.

"To the christening," said Doug, and sipped his drink. "I'm just Doug and always have been."

"And always will be, Dimples," Perry said firmly. "Look here, Drew—I listed a few possible women after you called. Just as suggestions."

He applauded her selection and they added several others, while Doug offered a few inspirations intended to be comic. Then frankly, genuinely, Andrew admired her work as she showed him about her studio. She had fluid light in her landscapes; something of brute force in her industrial pictures.

But what interested him most, perhaps, was Perry's collection of pets. Three dogs, four cats, lovebirds, and a parrot.

"The first thing I did when I decided I'd be a spinster, was to get me a parrot," Perry told him.

"Old maids together," chanted the Duchess.

"It took me ten months to teach her that," smiled Perry, and held her glass up to the bird. "Here, Duch, you may have a sip."

"The Duchess doesn't like me," Doug mourned. "It seems she heard me talk about shooting birds and has never forgiven me."

The parrot screamed at Doug: "I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you!"

"She learned that from a phonograph record," Perry grinned.

Through their laughter, Andrew became horribly aware of a clock striking. He glanced guiltily at his own watch, realizing he had lost his train. He was careful not to seem hurried as he took leave. He went away with the picture of Perry with a white kitten on her shoulder, her smile bright, her blue eyes shining. He envied Doug Randolph, who was going to spend the evening with her. . . .

ANDREW loved his home. He loved his children, too. In answer to their screams, he leaped up the stairs to visit with them before they bedded down. Usually he was home in time to eat with them, for he treasured that family circle at table. Now he promised Freddie to have his stamp collection appraised for him. Sure thing; he'd

take the albums to the office and get to it soon as he found an orphan hour. He went over some snapshots Gloria had taken with her new camera, and he lay in little Ted's small bed and pretended he was going to sleep there all night. . . .

At dinner, he felt guilty. Truly sorry for Martha's beaten tone when the roast was served: "Of course it's ruined now!"

"I'll smother it in hot gravy," he laughed. "Come on, honey, smile. I'm a swine, a cad, a hog, and a bum to completely forget the time. But how long has it been since I wasn't careful to phone you?"

"That's just it. You always *do*. I *could* have gone to Claire's cocktail party. Instead I just worry myself *sick*, that's all."

"All right, Martha. Let's let it spoil our evening."

"I'm sorry, Andy," she murmured moistly. "I'm not myself tonight."

Her gray eyes were both ashamed and sympathy-seeking. And Andrew felt a sharp pity. Poor Martha had suffered so many and so varied ills. Somewhere along the years she had lost the sound, dependable health of her youth. Small wonder, with all women have to go through. . . .

"The sinus again, dear?"

"Yes. I had it drained today. It just makes me feel awful."

"It's tough, baby," he agreed kindly. "You should be in bed."

"Oh, no. It just drives me crazy to stay in bed. Me, I've got to be up and doing. I'll probably die on my feet."

She laughed, feeling better.

"Tell me about your day, dear." She managed to put a brightness into the words.

She listened to his new ideas for an advertising campaign, agreed to having the Bradshaws for a week-end, and vaguely wondered about the woman photographer that Andy told about. Strange, the things women did these days. Strange and wonderful. Not that Martha would change places with any one of them. But think of a woman like that, a success under thirty, at a job that seemed exciting, adventurous, and wholly self-engineered! . . .

Martha found herself defiantly taking a large portion of lemon meringue pie. It was just too bad, when eating was the most fun you got out of life. . . .

IN the living room she whipped herself into a companionable mood. Andy's slippers were already beside the fire. She had bought him a detective story he had mentioned a week ago. She found him his favorite radio programs, and at a proper hour got him a cold bottle of beer. She sat doing the seventh of needle-point seats for the dining-room suite, and was heavily, actively, and urgently bored. But she smiled brightly and gave all the pat agreements to Andy's comments.

Often she glanced at him, and her bosom ached with affection. He was a husband to be proud of, his fine head in a cloud of pipe smoke, his big male face so content. She ached with love for him, and he didn't dream . . . He looked on her only fondly. She wondered, once, if he were as bored as she, and how it happened the endless hours could go by with so little said between them.

If she bored him, it was his own fault, she thought fiercely. Once he loved me for being a gay whirlwind. I danced and swam, and played games, and acted in plays, and picnicked, and the people I went with made music and enjoyed part singing and duets. . . . And for years I've been curbing it all, getting into the habit of sitting, oldly sitting, fatly sitting, until I've lost the cunning of doing things and am stiff and puffy . . . bored and boring. . . .

Something strange happened. And Martha's brain was keyed high enough with her rebellious thoughts to sense it. She became acutely aware of Andy's eyes on her. A special look. Martha responded guiltily. Her fingers slowed in her work, her eyes remained on her needle-point pattern. But she became agonizingly aware of her shortcomings and her failures. Of the run in her stocking, of being round-shouldered and puffing her lower lip as she scrutinized the tiny stitches. . . .

Andrew Lane had looked up from his trade magazine, which was oddly dull and stupid to him for the first time he could remember. And his eyes sought the figure of his wife. He regarded her with sudden and shocking clarity. Her skin was reddened around the neck and ears. Her mink-colored hair, which was freshly waved, was set in uniform curls. Her bob was short, cut in the somewhat pixy little-girl silhouette she had worn since Andy first knew her. But with a fuller face and heavier body there was something of a cartoon about the style. She was wearing what she considered hostess pajamas. They were a size too small around the bust, so that the yellow satin pulled.

Andrew felt his eyes fog and shook his head slightly. He felt dismayed, apologetic, because his momentary perception of his wife seemed like a betrayal of her and of their love.

Almost instantly the spell broke, and Martha got restlessly, self-consciously, to her feet. She did not look at her husband as she went over to the fire.

"Isn't your sister coming up North soon?" he asked amiably.

"Yes." Martha turned with a smile both wistful and radiant. "And you can't know how excited I am to see her." He nodded, feeling a swift sympathy, because her remark was like a cry of loneliness for her childhood. Martha was always gayest and happiest when Florrie was around, but a Southern marriage now limited their companionship. This year Florrie was coming up for a short visit and wardrobe buying.

"Let's throw a nice theater party for her, shall we?"

"Oh, Andy, how swell!"

"Sure. We'll have cocktails and a fine dinner and go to any show you want."

"You're the thoughtfulest man on earth!"

She bent over and kissed him, pinching his cheek softly. He put down his pipe and pulled her down on the couch beside him, and she laughed happily.

In her gray eyes he saw only the gay, saucy girl he had fallen in love with in his youth. Gameness and good sportsmanship. That was his Martha.

He pushed back her harshly waved hair with long affectionate strokes of his big hand, because he had noted the gray, and was realizing with fine melancholy all the hardships he had put her through in the early years of their marriage.

Martha had worked by his side in his first grim attempt to found his own business. He had devised an apron service for nurses, and after a struggle they did remarkably well. But Andy, who had stroked on his varsity crew, and who was as tough as hard rubber all over, was stricken with osteomyelitis, brought on by an accident. The illness was long and recovery painfully slow. Martha took care of him at home, and Martha ran the business, with his advice, working eleven hours a day at it. Always wearing a defeatless smile.

But best of all was Martha's encouragement of Andy's various experiments and ideas as he became well and active again. When at last he had worked out Spruce Ale, Martha had been courageous enough to agree to sell their nice little apron service and sink everything in the new drink. That, in the face of her being, for the second time, expectant.

Andrew Lane bent down swiftly and kissed his wife.

"Martha," he said huskily. "Sweet. You're the most precious thing in the world to me."

She laughed and sat up, arranging her hair with blind, fumbling fingers.

"Just you never forget it, my fine fellow," she warned, and wagged a severe finger at him. She was being cute.

"If I do, send me a memo," he nodded, and yawned. "How's for between the sheets?" he suggested, unaware of her crestfallen look as he gathered up magazines, pipe, and a small dish of nuts from the table.

As he put the screen in front of the dying fire he said casually, "By the way, Martha, I might like to ask that young photographer out over the week-end." He turned, as she did not immediately answer him, and added: "Member? The woman photographer I told you about?"

"Oh, yes." Martha was bent over her sewing basket, putting her needle-point away. She didn't quite know herself why the way Andy had said "young photographer" had sounded some sort of alarm within her. "What's her name again, Andy?"

"Perry—Perry Snow."

Martha felt suddenly dizzy. Perry Snow . . . Snow! Wasn't that the name of the girl who had been stuck in the elevator with him late one night—and he had taken her out and fed her afterward? Certainly it was. He had mentioned it.

In a flash, everything that Claire Crowell had told her over the phone that evening came back now with horrible clarity . . . "hot number . . . a dream of a blonde . . . cocktails at La Pompadour. . ."

"I say!" Andrew's voice seeped through to Martha, and she was aware he sounded uneasy and a shade irritable. "I say, Martha—do you mind if I have her out over the week-end along with the Bradshaws?"

"You know, Andy dear," she said softly, "anybody that you want is all right with me."

Oh, no! I couldn't possibly," Perry said over the phone when Drew invited her. She added hastily that she was going shooting in Jersey.

"Old friends of my father have a lodge out there. But I'll be back Monday morning, Drew, and I'll phone you."

They chatted about the campaign for a few moments, and Perry told him the Duchess was sending love. It left him with a smile as he hung up. With rare exceptions, Perry was always to leave him with a smile.

Just when in the next few weeks Andrew Lane realized he was obsessed with the girl, he never quite figured out. Perhaps because he was really enamored from the start. Her behavior delighted and puzzled him. Flirting seemed as necessary to her as eating or drinking; yet he felt her to be fastidious within her own shocking rules. He knew Perry had had affairs, yet he never quite understood how she had made it clear to him.

Doug went out of his way one night to explain things to Andrew. Martha's mother had had four teeth extracted that day, and Martha was staying with her and Florrie in town, which gave Andy a chance to indulge in a large studio party that Perry was giving.

Fairly early in the evening Doug drank himself into the quiet glow of a banked fire, and edged Andrew off to a deserted corner of the balcony. Unconsciously, both men were watching Perry in the big room below.

Presently Doug said, a little thickly: "I don't think I like the way you look at her."

Andrew glanced at him with a one-sided smile.

"It strikes me you're in a mood to object to anything tonight, Doug."

"Just the same—if you're getting ideas—go take a cold shower."

"I wouldn't like to have to sock you, Doug." Andy still smiled but his voice was raw.



"No, no, Miss Copell! You don't stuff fowl with stale bread!"

"Marbles," said Doug. "Perry won't fall for you," he went on confidentially. "If any one could get her, it would be me."

"I don't doubt that." Andrew managed an equally confidential tone. He looked into Doug's tormented Scotch eyes. "Don't think I'm entirely insensible. I know I have nothing to offer Perry."

"She doesn't want you to offer anything. You don't know Perry or you wouldn't say that."

Andrew started to protest, but thought better of it. Doug's blue eyes were too childish, too defenseless. He watched the big muscular hulk of a man, who seemed pathetically helpless in his strength, take another burning swallow of straight brandy.

"I'm shoving off on the midnight, Drew. But before I go, I'd like to tell you something. I'm probably the only person in the world who knows this, and I've never wanted to tell any one else."

He fumbled for a cigarette and lit it laboriously.

"When Perry was pretty much of a kid, she fell in love—with a boy that was born to make music. Wasn't anything he couldn't play—and he wrote some. Some songs to Perry, college things, nothing that hit the world hard. They were made for each other, that boy and Perry. But they waited. Family troubles first, and then money troubles. He had a hard time getting a job. They had two years of loving each other—and waiting. Then the boy got a chance to play on a coastal ship, and he grabbed it. The night before he sailed they were together until nearly dawn—just two kids in love hating to part. And the boy pleaded with her to stay the night with him. But Perry was horrified and told him off—so that she sent him away feeling a cad."

Doug doused his cigarette and glanced across the room where Perry was singing with a boisterous group.

"The boy was killed in a sailors' brawl in Panama. Perry has never forgiven herself for letting him go without knowing love. Two years of waiting and denying was all that boy had ever known. He was twenty-four when he died, and she was nineteen."

Andrew stared at him.

"Get it?" Doug asked crisply.

"I think I do."

"It's about time I was leaving."

"Just a minute!" Andy called sharply as the other turned away. "Why did you tell me that?"

"Perry has never been a prude since," Doug said dully. "You know—hating Nice Women, and all that. Very childish of her, but there it is. The only thing . . . the only thing is that you happen to be . . ."

"Like him?" Andy offered softly.

"It's weird," Doug said, and stalked off.

Andrew stood apart and watched him take leave. Watched Perry kiss him good-by at her door. Then he finished his own drink, and decided to go home. He didn't feel like a party any more.

HE found he had to wait for a train, and on a strange impulse he called Martha at her mother's.

"Listen, Tiddlywinks," he heard himself suggesting with excitement in his voice. "This is mutiny. I don't want to go home without you. Let's you and me take a room in a hotel near your mother's and just pretend we're alone in the world."

Martha loved it. It was touching how much she loved it. They had club sandwiches and Baba-rhum cakes in their room. And he felt comforted as she lay warmly close to him. They hadn't postponed their marriage in their youth. Martha was the kind who had worked like a dog in their first years of love—at home and at their business. . . . Martha was one of the Nice Women of the world—and the world would fall apart without them.

They had strawberries for breakfast. And he kissed Martha soundly before she left for her mother's and told her to go out and get herself a fine new negligee. She needed a new negligee.

LITTLE Gloria was taken down with mumps about a week later, and Andy was forbidden his own house. Martha, the two boys, and the maid were quarantined.

Martha was equal, as usual, to the emergency. What

made her saddest, it seemed, as she talked lengthily over the phone, was missing most of Florrie's visit.

That touched Andy. And irritated him.

A strain all around. Andy could provide extra help and nurses. He could train out to Rye and stand outside his house and talk to his family through the windows. He could torment the doctor in charge, and he could remember to call Martha's mother and sister regularly, visit them, and even take them out occasionally.

But outside of that, what could he do?

Why, lots of things, of course—and he did them. He settled in his club, started playing squash again, and tried to ignore the fact that he had lost his zest for it. He visited a few stamp marts and checked on Freddie's stamp albums for him.

Except for Perry, who was continually in the way of his thoughts, there were few Andrew wanted to see. He went to a few dutiful dinners, some of them in the suburbs, which gave him a chance to check in at Martha's window and grieve that she too had contracted the mumps. But the evenings left him desolate as he threaded his car back to New York, and in rebellion he phoned Perry at eleven one night, and they went out together for a bite and a talk. He left her, feeling both stimulated and able to sleep without tossing.

The next day he planned to take a lot of the family movies to a service store, and he called and asked Perry to join him. He went a little early himself, running through the pictures, indicating where titles should go, and arranging for proper cutting and splicing. He flushed, as Perry joined him, at the intimacy of the family shots, which at times seemed shockingly awkward, middle-class, and downright show-off. Martha never took a good picture anyway.

BOTH he and Perry were ill at ease at the end of the pathetic performance. And, reaching the street, he took her hand impulsively.

"Don't leave me just now, Perry," he said shortly.

She looked up at him, her eyes a clear blue. She seemed at once both unattainable and forlorn.

"I am going to leave you, Drew," she said quietly. "For good."

"I don't—understand."

"Oh, yes, you do." She smiled wearily. "And you know I'm right. Except for any actual business, Drew dear, I think we must call it a friendship."

He glanced at the traffic, not seeing, feeling lost. She must have guessed. She put her hand through his arm.

"Let's go have a farewell drink," she suggested gently.

At the table he said to her, with a solemnity that surprised him: "If I were young and free, Perry, I'd devote my life to winning you and making you happy."

"You're only ten years older than I, gramp. And I don't want to be won. I love my own life, but I'm afraid it's not home life, and it would throw any man eventually. As for happiness—!"

"Aren't you happy, Perry?"

"No. Nobody is. Except children, perhaps."

"Perry, tell me something." He leaned toward her.

"If it weren't for the children—would I have a show with you?"

She raised her blue eyes to his in a look that was both maidenly and brazen.

"You know," she said, and then smiled. "Don't look like that, Drew. That lack of conceit in you got me the first time we met. You don't seem to have a notion of how attractive you are. But it isn't only that with me, Drew. I know a lot of attractive men. I even know men as honest and decent. Doug, for instance. There is no word, Drew, for what I feel about you. I've been infinitely drawn to you, not through pity but through recognition."

"That's pretty confusing, Perry."

"I can't put emotions into words. I have just felt that you are robbed of so much. And so am I. You are cheated because of being good and decent. And so was I, once. You work like a driven devil, and you have nothing but the endless tracks of the road you built yourself. And you don't dare jump the tracks."

"Dare?" He smiled recklessly. (Continued on page 20)



You'll find FACT ONE in your dictionary. Just look under "D" for the definition of DRY—as pertaining to beverages. It says, "Lacking sweetness."



You'll have to go to Europe for FACT TWO. Quiz a Frenchman about champagne—he'll tell you *truly great champagnes are DRY!* And any Spaniard will tell you the same thing about *his* favorite drink—*great sherries are DRY!*



Ask thousands of Americans why they prefer Paul Jones whiskey. Their answers will give you FACT THREE: Paul Jones, too, is DRY. It's a mellow, full-flavored whiskey—but *without a trace of sweetness!*



We'd like to have you, yourself, discover FACT FOUR. Try Paul Jones any way you like—neat, or in a highball, or cocktail. The moment you taste that drink, you'll know FACT FOUR: that the DRYNESS of Paul Jones *makes any drink taste better.*



Put all these DRY facts together—and we believe you'll lose no time in making Paul Jones *your* whiskey. You'll find it at your favorite bar or package store. Ask for it—start enjoying the clean, brisk flavor of DRY Paul Jones *today!*

Paul Jones
IT'S DRY*

—and every drop is whiskey

*DRY means not sweet. A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore



(Continued from page 18) — "No, you wouldn't dare," she said regretfully. "Because of the passengers you carry."

"Know what I think?" Andrew grinned. "Since we're flinging around advice. A couple of tracks would do you good."

"I had my chance once, and I was too much of a coward to take it. I'll never feel the same way again. Which is why I won't marry Doug. I can't be a wife, because all the wifeliness in me is atrophied—before it was used. I'm just a ghost of love."

She was smiling throughout, pretending to put lightly what he realized she wanted him to know and understand.

He reached out and covered her hand with his. "Lovely ghost! Come and haunt a show with me," he pleaded.

"If it's a funny one," she agreed.

ANDY left her to arrange for tickets, at any premium, to a new musical hit, and he phoned Martha. Her case of mumps was not too severe for her to talk over the phone. Now she seemed stunned that he was not with the Bradshaws, and Andrew covered up quickly his guilty realization that he had completely forgotten that dinner date. He explained that he had the devil's personal headache.

"I'll call up the Bradshaws and crawl out of the date," he said. "Everybody's so sorry for me, with you laid up, Martha, they forgive me anything."

So what was he going to do? Martha wanted to know chummily.

"Oh, get some fresh air to blow away the headache. Have a lousy, lonely bite somewhere."

"Too bad mother and Florrie aren't home," Martha wailed. "They'd so love to feed you. But they're being partied by the Spencers tonight."

"Rotten break for me," lied Andrew amiably. "Maybe I'll take in a show or something. Anyway, I'll call you from the club before I turn in."

"Well, be true to me, darling," she said.

That old cute remark rankled.

HE thought back afterward on that conversation, to make certain he hadn't mentioned the name of the show to Martha. Because while he and Perry were in the lobby after the first act, smoking and talking, who should walk up to them but Florrie!

Andrew, momentarily flustered, introduced Perry as Miss White, with only enough sense to stress the relationship with a deadly flat "Meet Martha's sister."

Perry was swift and deft.

"How nice!" she beamed on the wide-eyed Florrie, who had a columnist's triumph in her small impish face. "How I wish I were meeting Martha too! Mr. Lane and I just met at the same restaurant. His wife being sick, and my dear brother being sick—which is why I'm in town at all. My brother and Mr. Lane were classmates. And I remember as a wee child falling for the pictures of Andrew Lane in the crew. I used to dream of being squired by such an escort. So he promised to make my dream come true tonight, just to show how little I've been missing. We said we'd cheer each other down!"

She kept it up, and her endless easy chatter anesthetized Florrie all the way back to their seats. Yet Andrew felt angry. Partly because Perry was so disconcertingly adept. Partly because he knew that while Florrie had taken the dose, she would naturally tell Martha pronto in the morning, over the phone, of the

encounter. He would have to call Martha tonight and cover the whole business himself. Some way.

Perry nudged him in the midst of thunderous laughter all around them.

"You dislike me now," she said humbly.

"What?" He leaned toward her deliberately. He had heard perfectly, but he was cadging time.

"Because I acted like a veteran. And veterans are not desirable. Only pitiable."

"You're talking about disabled veterans," he answered, and felt extraordinarily pleased with himself.

HE had spotted his mother-in-law before the fourth black-out. He recognized the Spencers, and gave thanks that old Mr. Spencer was coughing with increasing distress. The entire party left, after Mr. Spencer had all but ruined a climactic love song.

A few moments later Andrew reached out for Perry's hand and found it ready and responsive.

On the street, they waited a long cold battling spell for a taxi. Snow had begun to fall, wet New York snow, that promised no pleasure and plenty of discomfort.

In the cab, they lit cigarettes. It used up time. And he glanced at her in the semi-light of the streets. Youthfully wise. Too wise. So that he felt guilty, because of her resigned air of defeat, her look of taking whatever blows were dealt, knowing she had returned the thrusts with whatever ability she had.

That was game. Once before he had fallen in love with gameness; with spirit which could ward off and return thrusts. But Martha had grown weak-wristed through the years because he had tried to protect her from all thrusts. This girl had no one to ward off blows.

He put his hand on hers. And was human enough to say nothing. As they neared her apartment, she leaned toward him, handing over her cigarette butt for him to dispose of.

The taxi stopped. She turned to him, leaning over, smiling, but eyes glistening with tears in the lamplight of her building.

"Good-by, darling," she said.

He clung to her hand.

"Surely I can come up and say good night as we should say it?"

She shook her head urgently, and made an impatient gesture to get out. He obeyed. And walked slowly into her apartment house with her.

"Leave me here," she whispered at the elevator. "Go now, Drew."

He squeezed her hand and left her abruptly.

The night was white, cold, tingling.

Impulsively he took out a bill, handed it to the driver and dismissed him with a sign.

Once more he mounted the stone steps into the apartment house.

She stood before the elevator still, her head erect, her smile tremulous.

"You're not going to send me out into the storm?" he smiled.

And Perry said: "No. Never."

Is this the beginning of the end of Andrew's marriage? Can he conceal from Martha his growing passion for Perry? Next week brings new and unexpected developments in Andrew's love affair, and Martha, at home, springs a sudden, shattering surprise.



"I want you to find out what I haven't got that that movie actress has!"



THE \$1,000 BRIBE

Liberty's Short Short

BY HERBERT WALLACE RAY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

Number One coolie in judge's office. My can *galantee* no man outside savvy anything."

"Do you think Sir Herbert would be such a fool as to risk loss of position and pension for one thousand dollars, or ten thousand? You must give up that mad idea entirely."

"You b'long lawyer, Mr. Peabody," the other replied humbly; "you savvy too much. My b'long dam' fool, allee same coolie, savvy nothing."

"Don't be silly, man. You're far from being a fool, and you have a good case. All you have to do is to tell the truth as we have—ahem—discussed it here."

"I do hope, Bronson, I've driven that crazy idea out of his silly head," Peabody remarked to his junior partner when Tam had taken his leave. "I should hate to have to defend the old fool in the police court."

Three days later the case came up for hearing. Sir Herbert listened patiently to the long-winded statements of the two principals, taking copious notes. When the lawyers had finished, he started his own inquisition.

With Tam he dealt surprisingly gently; but he went all out to trip up poor Mr. Look, and soon had that unfortunate son of China so flustered that he was prepared to affirm or deny anything that was put to him.

"You are lying, Look Sik," was His Lordship's final pronouncement; "you've been lying all day long."

Judgment for the plaintiff, with costs," he concluded sternly, and refused both stay of execution and leave to appeal.

"There you are, Tam!" exulted Peabody, when they were back in the latter's office. "What did I tell you? You told a straightforward story and you've won. Aren't you glad, now, that you followed my advice?"

Tam made sure no eavesdropper was outside. Then he walked up to Peabody and whispered in his ear.

"You is wrong, Mr. Peabody, quite wrong," he chortled softly. "My have sendee he that t'ousand dollar!"

"What!" shouted the other in amazement as the convictions of a

lifetime tottered on their base and threatened to come tumbling about his ears. "But you must be joking, Mr. Tam, and it is a kind of joke I don't like. You *can't* bribe an English judge."

"Sh!" whispered Tam apprehensively. "You no talkee so loud, Mr. Peabody, please. Maybe some man can hear."

"You mean to tell me seriously that you're not fooling—that the judge took your money?"

"Have takee!" replied Tam. "But my have lissen you talkee; so my idea have change little bit. My have sendee money, but my have puttee Look Sik's name inside!"

THAT evening a sorrowful Look Sik was bemoaning his luck and expatiating on the incomprehensible ways of the English.

"Foreign man's fashion my no savvy," he was explaining. "My look-see this piecee paper b'long white; foreign man say, 'Dam' fool, you! That paper b'long black.' Foreign man say sun makee shine; my look-see that window outside, have got one piecee moon. Today that judge man give me 'cat's face' all the time; talkee my b'long one big liar; bobbery me plenty."

"Too bad!" sympathized the police sergeant to whom he was telling his tale of woe. "But from what old Dutchie said, you can consider your-

self lucky he didn't clap you in jail, Mr. Look."

"Fool pidgin you talkee!" cried Look. "Case finishee, that judge man savvy he have makee mistake."

"Mistake?"

"Yes, big mistake! He have sendee one coolie call me go his room inside. Pletend velly angly. Bobbery me too much. How my savvy he pletend? I talkee you true, sergeant. Bob-

bery finish, he have give me one envelupp. 'S'pose you no talkee, my no talkee, too,' he say to me. 'Now get out.' When I get outside. I have open that envelupp. Ai yah! So surprise for me! Judge man have 'cumshaw' me one thousand dollar!"

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

THE longer I stay in this country, Tam Wing," said that gentleman's legal adviser severely, "the less I seem to understand the mentality of its people. How long have you lived in Hong Kong, Tam?"

"Forty-fi' year, Mister Peabody," replied the firm's best client as he puffed away contentedly at one of the solicitor's perfectos, leaning back comfortably the while in an arm-chair that appeared to have been specially tailored to accommodate his plump proportions.

"Dealing with British officials most of the time, too. And you can still sit opposite me and propose offering one thousand dollars 'cumshaw' to the Chief Justice?"

"You think so t'ousand dollar no 'nuff?"

Peabody, Peabody and Bronson's senior partner, threw up his hands in despair.

"It is not a question of the amount, Tam," he explained testily. "You can't bribe an English judge *at all*! Your case against Mr. Look Sik is one man's word against another's. Sir Herbert Van Zooten will listen to both Look and yourself and will decide in favor of the one he believes is speaking the truth. If you offer him money, you will not only lose: you'll probably be put in jail as well."

"Can sendee money velly, velly secretly," Tam insisted. "My sister's husband have got one cousin b'long

A tender, meaningful story . . . of life's seamy side, a gorgeous girl, and a man who fought against love

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

YVONNE pretended to be as French as her name, but Yvonne was a name she had assumed as jauntily as one pins a scarlet flower upon the lapel of one's coat. Once Yvonne had been the Sadie or the Mamie of a small factory town upstate, the precocious Sadie or Mamie who too early had become aware of her charms and their effect upon men. Too soon she had begun to daub her pretty face with crimson and, thus bedizened, had sauntered down the local Main Street swinging her hips. Too early she had hung around street corners with the local sports and traveling salesmen.

And the inevitable had happened. She had been caught and buffeted in the outrageous waves of a tawdry destiny until, half starved and desperate, she had been washed up on the questionable shore of Jimmie Dugan's.

She had drifted into this night club in the Italian quarter below Washington Square with some down-at-the-heels hustler who had protested the cover charge, who, in fact, did not have enough money to pay his bill. And the bouncer had thrown him out, leaving the girl, white and frightened, behind him.

From his usual table in the corner, with his hard, disillusioned eyes, Jimmie Dugan had watched—Jimmie Dugan, once a prizefighter; Jimmie with his granite face and his broad shoulders and his flat waist that still tapered to slim and powerful thighs.

"Send the dame to me," Jimmie ordered.

Shrinking, she had approached his table. "Sit down," he said, and he studied her closely; noted, of course, that under her shabby garments was beauty.

"You look sort of down and out," he said at last. "Would you like a job here?"

Surprised, she lifted her hands in quick supplication. "Oh, mister, if only—"

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

"Yeh, anything means nothing. We had a French cigarette girl here, but she got too hotsy-totsy. I fired her last night. Maybe you could take her place. Maybe I could learn you. But listen! What I say here goes. About anything—an' everything. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

His fist dug into his trousers pocket and emerged with a handful of bills. "Get yourself fixed up. Clothes and a hair wave—things like that. And report here tomorrow afternoon at five. We got a rehearsal on then. We'll see what you can do. And don't see nothing more of that rat you was with tonight. I know him. He isn't the kind that's nice for little girls to play around with."

"But—" she began.

"Get out!" he cut her short. "Go home. Come back tomorrow."

With a wavering, worshipful glance at him, she fled.

And a few months later we have an Yvonne who has come into her own, undisputed queen of this dubious kingdom. Here this girl had blossomed, become fragrant and glamorous, this little raggle-taggle from a factory town.

And Jimmie Dugan, as Yvonne well knew, had done this for her, performed this miracle. Always he sat there at his corner table, his eyes upon her. But nothing more would he have to do with her. Whatever may have been Jimmie Dugan's life outside of his night club, inside of it he kept himself aloof and apart. That was his code. "Business and pleasure, they don't mix," he'd say. "That's one lesson I learned. That's one lesson it cost me plenty to learn."

Yvonne would sidle up. "How am I doing tonight, Jimmie?"

"O. K., kid. You're doing swell."

"Yeh, a lot of difference it makes to you."

"I give you your chance, didn't I?"

"It doesn't mean anything to me—not a thing—making a hit with all those other fellers, Jimmie. I want to make a hit with you."

"You'll make a hit with me by sticking to your business. Get back on the floor where you belong."

Yvonne had taken the French cigarette girl's place, accent and all. Attired in a uniform of blue and white, with a tray of cigarettes before her, she'd sway through the crowded tables as she had once swayed down some Main Street.

"Cig-a-rettes, m'sieu'." with her phony French accent. "Merci, m'sieu'." Skillfully, a little smile on her lips, she'd evade men's clutching hands.

"Aw, keep the change! Say, Yvonne! Say, I'd like to see you some time away from here, where we could have a nice li'l' talk."

Again Yvonne would smile that small exciting smile, and adroitly she'd slip away. Always she slipped away, her eyes on Jimmie Dugan, her thoughts on him.

Jimmie Dugan permitted Yvonne to keep half her tips, and a very fair amount they both made out of it. Yvonne now had her dinners at Jimmie Dugan's. Her midday breakfast she prepared for herself in her small and very respectable room in a side street off Washington Square. Almost all she made she spent on clothes, glamorous clothes, to set off her opulent pink-and-white beauty, clothes with which to dazzle and capture Jimmie Dugan's stubborn interest. But with no success.

At one o'clock in the morning Jimmie Dugan's staged its International Revue with a "chorus of International Beauties." Yvonne was, of course, the French beauty. Yvonne, with her white body; Yvonne, pale and luminous, with red, querulous lips, smiling mysteriously, and with heavy-lidded eyes, inviting and indifferent.

Yvonne had her own number, too. They gave her the spotlight for it. She always sang *Mon Homme*.

First she sang it in atrocious French. Then, after concluding this version, she would again advance and with a deprecatory shrug would say, "For those who do not ondderstand ze French, I shall now try to zing eet in ze English."

And "Atta girl!" some admirer would yell. "Sing it in good old American."

Yvonne had no voice, she couldn't dance, and yet, somehow, she could put that song across so that the crowd went wild. Only Jimmie Dugan remained silent, with mockery and pain in his eyes as he watched this girl whom he had picked out of the gutter.

Yvonne would pause at his table on her way to the

DECENT

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

dressing rooms and say, "Was I good tonight, Jimmie?"

"Sure, you was O. K., kid."

"Oh, Jimmie, can't you say ever that I was anything more than O. K.?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"You know what I'm just waiting for you to say."

"Well, you got a long wait coming to you, Yvonne. You know my rule."

"Nuts to your rule!" Yvonne cried angrily. "You'll be sorry some day."

"Yeh? When'll that be?"

"When I quit you cold and leave you and your joint on the bum."

"There's lots of other cigarette girls, Yvonne."

"Yes, and there's lots of other men, Jimmie. Wait till the right one comes along."

Well, the right man did come along. It was Max Aranov. Max was a quiet, steady little man who lived with his mother. Rotund and simple. He made his millions in the clothing business because he had a little capital to start with and he had luck and he had incredible industry. A nice little man, modest, surprised at his own success.

A night club was a fairly new experience to Max, and Yvonne an entirely new experience.

After the International Revue was over and the girls had gone to change from their next-to-nothing costumes to the evening gowns in which they sat with favored customers, Yvonne came drifting out, her eyes, as always, seeking Jimmie Dugan's.

Jimmie beckoned and Yvonne flew to his summons.

"Are you for once going to ask me to have a drink with you, Jimmie?" she asked.

"No, I'm not. Look over there at that table near the orchestra. The little guy sitting alone. That's Max Aranov. He wants to meet you. Let Ruby swing your cigarette tray for the rest of the night."

Yvonne turned. "That little spider! Who's he?"

"Max Aranov, I'm telling you. He's got millions."

"I don't feel like talking to him tonight," Yvonne said sulkily.

"You'll talk to him and you'll talk nice," said Jimmie.

"What I say here goes. That's understood, ain't it?"

RELUCTANTLY Yvonne went. Bored, disdainful, she sat beside Max Aranov on the leather-covered divan. Jimmie Dugan, glancing over, saw that Yvonne's attitude did not matter. Max Aranov was gazing at her as a hungry child gazes at the pastry in a shop window.

After that, Max Aranov came every night. Every night his eyes followed Yvonne. Every night after the revue, at Jimmie's command, she sat beside Max Aranov. The waiter brought quart after quart of champagne, removing one bottle quarter empty to replace it with another. Max did not object. He was willing to pay for his infatuation. He gave Yvonne bracelets dripping with diamonds. He gave her rings. He asked for nothing. And when Yvonne understood his purpose, she could not believe it.

It was late that night when Max Aranov departed after pleading with Yvonne. The waiters were clearing up. But Jimmie Dugan was still there, watchful and competent. Yvonne ran to him.

"For crying out loud!" she said to Jimmie. "Do you know what he wants? He wants to marry me."

"It's your chance," said Jimmie grimly.

"My chance!" Yvonne echoed. "Jimmie, are you crazy? He doesn't even know my right name."

"He thinks you're the most beautiful thing he ever seen. He told me so. He don't care about anything else."

"Do you think I'm beautiful, Jimmie?"

"Sure I do. I always did. Even when you first came in here, dressed like a ragamuffin."

"You never told me so."

"Now lay off that, Yvonne. Here's your chance to get right up on top of the ladder.

Sooner or later you won't be beautiful. It don't last forever. Not with nobody. Max can give you a gold-plated boodwoir if you want

"Merci, m'sieu'." Skillfully, a little smile on her lips, she'd evade men's clutching hands.



it, an' a limousine with platinum trimmings. Here's your chance an' you'd better take it."

"Do you want me to?"

"Sure I want you to."

Suddenly Yvonne stood back and sent her hand stinging across Jimmie's face.

He rose and seized her. He shook her. "You little hellion!" he cried.

But now she was in his arms, clinging to him, sobbing. "Don't send me away from you, Jimmie."

He pushed her from him. "Little hellion!" he shouted. "I don't want nothing to do with you. Ain't you learned that yet? I don't want nothing to do with you or anybody like you."

"But, Jimmie—"

"Shut up and listen to me! I ain't going to stay in this racket forever. Not me! I'm going to make my pile and clear out. And then I'm going to marry and have a little home and kids. Everything regular and on the up and up, like a regular guy likes it. But the girl I marry ain't going to be like you or any of these dames here. She's going to be a nice girl, a decent girl."

"Jimmie, I'm decent now. I've been decent ever since you took me in and gave me a chance to be decent."

"You're not decent enough," he said, "not for me! What was you before you came here? I want to marry this girl, I tell you. I want her to make a home for me, have kids; everything regular. You're not that kind, Yvonne."

"I could be that kind, Jimmie. With you. I could go down on my knees and scrub floors. I could cook. I could look after kids. Jimmie, why don't you try me out? Why don't you give me a chance?"

"I'm giving you a chance. I'm giving you a chance at everything your kind likes—diamonds and a swell apartment and a swell car—everything! Max'll buy you the moon if you cry loud enough for it. He's nuts about you."

"And that's the kind of a chance you think I want?"

"Sure it is. Maybe you think you want something else, but you don't. Why, you wouldn't be satisfied with what I got to offer you for more than a year—for more than a month maybe."

"All right, Jimmie," Yvonne said. "All right! If that's what you think of me, O. K."

So Yvonne left Jimmie Dugan's. She married Max Aranov and, with only the wallings of his old mother to sound a discordant note, Max took an apartment for Yvonne and himself in West End Avenue. Five enormous rooms and four baths, Italian grillwork in the dining room, stuccoed walls, silvered walls, rose-shaded lamps everywhere, overstuffed furniture, satin pillows and satin hassocks, onyx ash trays, and telephones hidden under the flounced skirts of porcelain figures. Everything, Max thought, to make Yvonne happy, a jeweled setting for her beauty.

Only one stipulation Max made and that was that Yvonne, night or day, must never go again to Jimmie Dugan's.

"You can have everything you want except that," he said. "I've taken you away from that forever. All that's behind you. You got to be a lady now and act like a lady"—and then his mild, guttural voice broke and he said beseechingly, "Aw, Yvonne! I never knew anything could be so beautiful like you. There's no picture, there's no flower, there's no music so beautiful like you. Can't you learn to love me just a little, Yvonne?"

And Yvonne, all her lively bravado stilled, let Max fondle and kiss her. She didn't dislike the nice little man. He gave her so much, he asked so little.

MEANWHILE Jimmie Dugan's was like a lamp from which the flame has gone. It had prospered in a quiet way before Yvonne's appearance, but it was Yvonne who had brought the glow and the glamour, the scarlet thread, the note of music. At her going, a pall fell over the place.

Then a new district leader came into power who, to use Jimmie's expression and because of an old feud, hated Jimmie's guts and, in this way and that, he made things unpleasant for Jimmie and his night club.

So Jimmie Dugan's wasn't itself and Jimmie Dugan

was losing his grip. "The poor guy ain't well," said the waiters fearfully, worried about their jobs.

Then, one night, when a few faithful ones came to Jimmie Dugan's, they found a notice on its locked doors: "Closed for redecorating."

YVONNE had kept her promise to Max Aranov. She never went to Jimmie Dugan's, although the desire to go sometimes burned within her like a fire. And sometimes in her smart car with its uniformed chauffeur she drove past it. She invented errands in the old neighborhood. "Smith, there's a little bakery down in Sullivan Street, the only place that you can get that Italian coffee cake that Mr. Aranov likes. Drive me down there."

Yvonne sat in the back of the car, deep in her new furs, peering eagerly, too eagerly, from the window at those littered streets. But she never saw any one from Jimmie Dugan's. Certainly she never saw Jimmie Dugan himself. During the day Jimmie Dugan's offered a blind face to the world and, as Yvonne well knew, most of its employees were at home and asleep. She could think of no excuse, however, to drive down there at night.

But the day came when Yvonne, driving past, saw that something had happened to Jimmie Dugan's. There was a bleak look about it. The areaway before the front doors was adrift with papers and other refuse. And then Yvonne saw the sign on the door.

"Stop!" she ordered imperatively.

And when the amazed Smith stopped the car, Yvonne leaped from it, ran to the door and read the notice.

She stood there, stunned, trembling. Then she said to the chauffeur, "Drive around the corner to Bleeker Street and wait for me there."

Next door was a little shop where they sold newspapers and magazines, cigarettes and a messy lot of miscellaneous articles. Yvonne went in there.

"What's happened to Jimmie Dugan's?" she asked.

The Italian shopkeeper shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands. "Closed!" he said. "Nothing any more. She is always closed now."

"Do you know where Jimmie Dugan is?"

No, he didn't know.

Down the street went Yvonne, a strange figure now in that neighborhood, with her furs and her glittering bracelets and her tiny velvet shoes with their diamond buckles. Every one stared at her, but she was barely conscious of it. In and out of the little shops she went. But, while every one knew that Jimmie Dugan's was closed, no one knew where Jimmie Dugan himself was.

At last, however, down the street came an amiable young policeman, smiling, swinging his stick.

Yvonne stopped him. "Officer, do you know where Jimmie Dugan lives?"

"Sure I know," he said, gazing at her admiringly. "Say, ain't you the girl they used to call Yvonne?"

"Yes! Yes, I am. But where is Jimmie?"

"I used to see you there oncet in a while. Jimmie, he's had a bad break."

She touched his arm impatiently. "Please! Please tell me where he is. Is he sick?"

"Well, he's sort of sick."

"I want to see him."

"What for?"

"I—I owe him something. I want to pay him back."

"Well, I guess he could use it all right. Come along. I'll show you where he lives."

It was just around the corner. A small and shabby house in West Houston Street. A forgotten little house, tucked in between the tenements. The front door stood open.

"In there," said the policeman, pointing with his stick. "On the top floor. In back."

She thanked him and dashed up the steps into the house. Up two flights of stairs. And then she paused, her hand on her heart. Of a sudden she was afraid. She was afraid of what she might find in that room. But she forced her steps to the door and she knocked.

"Come in!" said a voice. It was his voice all right. But it was weaker than she had ever heard it.

She opened the door and went in.

He was lying there on a couch, his face to the wall. A

tattered blanket covered him. It was a dreadful room. A sink in an alcove on one side. Dirty dishes. Two wooden chairs. The couch. That was all.

"Put the things there by the sink," Jimmie said, without turning.

"Jimmie," she said in an urgent whisper, "it's Yvonne."

He turned and saw her. He said in that weak voice, "Oh, it's you. I thought it was the groceries."

With a rush she crossed the room and knelt beside him. She put her arms around him.

"Jimmie, what's the matter with you?" she demanded.

"I had a bad break," he said. "What do you want, Yvonne?"

"I want to help you," she said, "like you helped me once. I want to make you strong again and the man you used to be—just like you helped me to get on my feet. Look, Jim! Look. I got all the money in the world. Take one of these bracelets."

"No," he said, with that stubbornness which she hated and feared. "No, I can't do that. I can't take anything that was his. He always treated me square. I got to treat him square."

"They're mine, Jimmie, these bracelets. He gave them to me. Take one. It's worth a couple grand."

He shook his head. "I'm not down and out as far as that. I'm not cheating Max Aranov out of anything. Not his bracelets. Not you."

"Listen, Jimmie," she said frantically. "If—if I wasn't his any more, what then? Would you let me help you then?"

He didn't answer her. He lay there, his eyes closed. His face—his battered face was drawn. But the line of his jaw was as strong as ever. She laid her cheek against his arm. Timidly. She was afraid that once again he would repulse her. And she thought, she prayed, Oh, God, let me help him! He needed so much. He needed decent food. He needed a doctor. He needed some one to look after him night and day. Yes, he needed her as once she had needed him. Well, no matter what he said, she

wasn't going to fail him. Because she loved him. Because she had loved him for so long.

YVONNE was very nice to Max Aranov that night. He had been good to her. She was sorry for him. She was very nice to him that night because she knew it was the last night they would ever spend together. In the morning she was going to tell him.

And the next afternoon she did not go down to the old neighborhood in her car. She had said good-by to the car forever. She went down in the subway, carrying one suitcase. That was all. She had left everything. Almost everything. She kept the jewelry Max had given her before their marriage. That was fair, wasn't it? Anyway, fair or not, they—Jimmie and she—had to have something to live on until Jimmie was strong again.

She climbed the stairs of the dingy house in West Houston Street swiftly. Her determination was like wings that carried her to her destiny. And who could say now it was an altogether tawdry destiny?

She pushed open the door of Jimmie's room without knocking. Again he was lying on the couch and, quietly, she crossed the room and knelt beside him.

"I've come to stay, Jimmie," she said.

"No! No, Yvonne! You're crazy. What about him?"

"I told him," she said. "He doesn't want me. He thinks I've broken the only promise he made me make. He thinks the old life"—she laughed without mirth—"has drawn me back. He says he'll divorce me."

Jimmie moved convulsively and buried his face against her breast. "If only I had my strength," he cried, "I'd send you back!"

"Don't you care for me just a little?" she asked.

"Geez!" he said. "I been fighting against it ever since I saw you."

"Well, if that's the way you feel, and that's the way I feel, it sort of makes it all right, doesn't it, Jimmie?" She held him closer. "Thank God!" she sobbed. "Thank God, I'm decent at last!"

THE END

Discovered! A SECRET OF IMPROVED PICK-UP FOR SLUGGISH MOTORS

Auto-Lite Engineers Create Revolutionary New Type Spark Plug!

IN the past year nearly a million motorists have changed over to a revolutionary new kind of spark plug.

There's a reason, and a good one, for this shift from ordinary plugs to the new Auto-Lites. Here is a spark plug engineered by Auto-Lite ignition engineers which produces results that are often little short of amazing.

Think of it! Owners of all types of cars say new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs give (1) Sure, quick starting, (2) Instant pick-up, (3) Smooth, flexible engine perform-

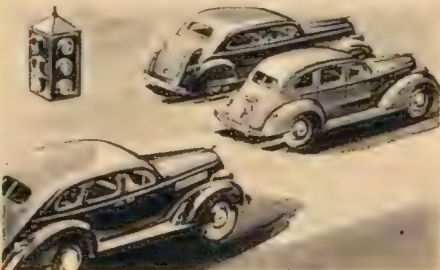
ance at all speeds, and (4) Prevent gasoline waste.

Here's The Secret!

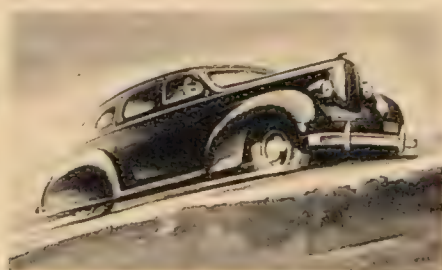
Auto-Lite engineers developed a new alloy, called Konium, which, together with Auto-Lite "geometric" gap design, makes it possible to produce a *more effective* spark, with *less effort!*

Put Auto-Lites on the job in your car today. They put new life in sluggish motors! And cost no more!

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO., Merchandising Division, Toledo, O.



OFF LIKE A FLASH! Does your car lag behind when the green light says "go"? Auto-Lite Spark Plugs put new life in lazy motors, say motorists.



SMOOTH, FLEXIBLE POWER! See how your car takes the hills when you replace old spark plugs with these sensational new Auto-Lites.



ONE OUT OF EVERY FOUR NEW CARS is now factory-equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Convincing evidence of their superiority under the most arduous tests.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

I AM A *Lady Lobbyist*

as told to
MARGARET LUKES WISE
and
CLARA BELLE THOMPSON

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FOUR years ago I was one of the new poor. Today in Washington I have a charming apartment, two maids, and a sizable income. I am a widow, yet this month I have received money in comfortable amounts from six men. But I am not a kept woman, though these men "keep" me. I live a life of intrigue and mystery, of drama and escape. And my success depends on your never finding me out. For I am a woman lobbyist, and I always get my man.

The second I say the word "lobby" I identify myself with the most powerful force in America. Over eighty per cent of the laws are passed through lobbying, and untold thousands of proposed statutes are kept from being passed by this same power. Lobbying can be for good or for ill; for public gain or for private interest; and can be conducted in a score of ways. But no matter what the phase, it is a legitimate business. Briefly, it is an effort to influence legislation. Many women lobbyists are official, identifying themselves with laws that concern women or women's interests. Or with causes. But I am a different type. My name is on no list. I represent the most subtle and at the same time the most potent method of all—the glamorous, the chic, the understanding, the clever lady lobbyist.

How did I get to be one? Let us say it rapidly: husband died, no money, used to luxury and no business training, much worried. Then one day I lunched with an old friend of my husband. He said: "How would you like to make some money?" I looked up in surprise. He continued: "You must know you're a woman of unusual personality and charm. People listen to you. We need Senator H., and you ought to be able to get him for us." Then he explained it all to me.

The senator was chairman of a committee, and my friend wanted a bill pigeonholed there. I went after the senator. I planted myself in the Senate restaurant at lunch hour several times a week. Soon I was lunching with the senator. Then dining. One evening when he called for me, I was ready to put on my act. He found me with the traces of tears badly concealed. "What's the trouble, my child?" I burst into frantic weeping, let him comfort me a little, then confessed bit by bit that everything I had was in jeopardy because of a certain bill. I told a convincing story, and presently he said: "Don't worry, little girl. Maybe I can do something." As a result of our friendship the passage of an important bill was held up for months, and when it did go through it carried an amendment which I helped to write. That was the beginning.

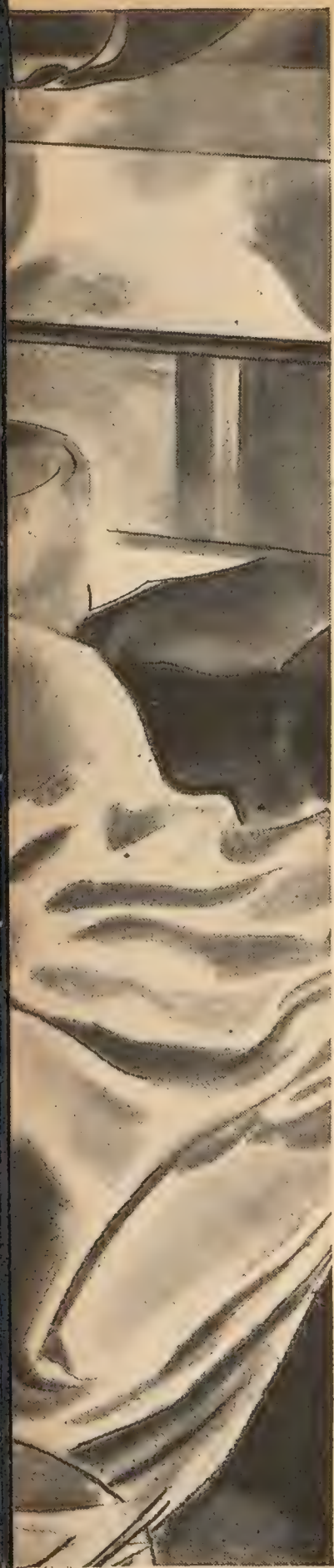
The work is not easy. Every night I am busy from five



until morning. And I must keep in perfect trim. I dress beautifully, spend enough on face, hands, and hair to keep a small beauty shop going. I exercise briskly and mercilessly, and when the cocktails are passed I may take several but I drink only one. For my mind must be keen, my brain trigger-quick, and myself vital and alluring night after night. I can be all things to all men—gay, laughing, tender, understanding, hail fellow, counselor—especially counselor—mother, friend, sweetheart.

I am an old Washingtonian. I have seen administrations come and go, and I have become acquainted with whom I pleased politically as well as socially. I know the Washington scene very well. So many men are away from home, and even when they do have their families with them, they are still fair game for the woman lobbyist. They are lonesome, unhappy, confused and drifting.

But to come back to me and my lobbying. I hope that I never look a cheese in the eye for the rest of my life! Here is why. I struck a man who seemed lobby-proof. He cared nothing for wine, woman, or song. I read his



home-town papers for months back, and learned not a fact about him that would give me a lever. I got orders to make it snappy. I searched frenziedly. Then, like a last-minute reprieve, came word that he was collecting cheese recipes.

I went into action. I gave a Sunday-night supper and invited ten persons, including our hero. The entree was a very excitingly flavored cheese soufflé. I brought the talk around to cheese, mentioned the fact that our family had been collecting rare cheese recipes for years. The man sought me as soon as we left the table. We talked cheeses far into the night. He asked to come back for other cheese dishes—and for others—and for others. We became almost inseparable, and I swung him into line just in the nick of time.

While I was still immersed in cheeses I had another assignment, also to an unknown quantity. I stopped at his office as a first move, hoping to get some sort of clue. I was inviting the gentleman to speak at a woman's club meeting, a fairly routine random shot. While I was making my request I noticed on his desk the picture of a snub-nosed little girl.

"What a darling!" I exclaimed. "Is she your little girl?"

"She is the image of her mother," he confided. "I call them my two sweethearts."

So I saw where my work was cut out. This time it would not be the man but the wife on whom I should concentrate. I called instantly, invited her to lunch.

At lunch we were clubby, and became even more so afterward. She confessed that she was appalled by the high cost of living in Washington. Rather enviously she spoke of my dress. "I get my clothes wholesale," I told her instantly. Of course that was not true, but it was my entree. "If you keep it quiet," I said, "I can do the same for you."

The drama is frequently played out in an atmosphere of sex, and that is where a woman has to be smart.

How women's wit and wiles help make our laws! A candid, amazing confession from behind the scenes in Washington

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOHERTY, JR.

She was thrilled. I told her all sorts of things I could get for her wholesale. "I have lived here so long," I explained, "that I know the ropes. I will show you!"

Well, never were such bargains enjoyed by any family as that little lady was able to get for hers. And her husband, with very strong pressure brought by the wife—who in turn was guided by me—voted right every time.

Worry over finances is often an excellent opening for the lobbyist. I know that last winter I had been building up a beautiful friendship with a man who had a key position on legislation that affected interests I represented. One night, in the midst of a moving little home drama, I said: "If you had one wish . . ."

He made a gallant lunge, but I held him off. "Look at this," I urged. "It's your wish!" It was his loan at the bank, marked *Paid*. He broke down and burst into tears—and from that time was our man.

But while the lobbyist is learning a man's every weakness, his vulnerable points, his hobbies, and all the rest of it, the drama is frequently played out in an atmosphere of sex. That is where a woman has to be smart. While she plays on the emotions of her victim, she must be able to keep herself under control. I have seen any number of women lose good lobbying jobs because they could not learn that lesson.

PERSONALLY, I have used none of the crude romance technique in my own functioning as a Washington lobbyist. One thing I do that many politicians do is to read the society columns religiously. I see who is rushing whom, and from this get some pretty clear pictures of what various interests are doing.

Of course I always learn of the man's gullibilities. A couple of weeks ago I got an important deal put through because of the person's weakness for movie stars. I learned of it, imported two stars at once, and asked the man over. He practically lived on my doorstep, while the two stars clambered over him. Enough photographs of him and the stars were taken to fill a dozen large albums, and when one star carried him away to visit her and her friends on her yacht, he was ours hands down.

I am vamping one man with a quart of chocolate and vanilla ice cream, delivered to his room every evening at eleven. Another with pets for his children—a monkey, a parrot, a pair of white rats, pigeons, a dog, and a cat. Three women whose husbands are important are cultivating my better acquaintance for their daughters' sake. I can get the girls a card for certain dances that are considered vital to the success of debutantes. And their fathers are getting an increasingly clear idea of what it is going to take to win those bits of pasteboard.

Invitations to my home are among the coveted distinctions of Washington. That is part of my stock in trade. I know the smartest people, combine my groups interestingly, and give many an official his first taste of high society. He is usually flattered to be in what he considers a charmed circle and will do a great deal to be permitted to tarry there.

Saying it in this fashion, it sounds as if the men in Washington were the most susceptible in the world. They are not. Most of them, besides being pretty smart to begin with—politicians naturally are—are allergic to vamping. The women who lobby have to be deft, shrewd, brilliant, and charming to get to first base. They need a delightful home atmosphere behind them. Lovely old furniture, candlelight, delicious food, talk of far and exciting places and experiences—these are my props. Then, on occasion, I try to look rather exotic myself.

I know at least twenty ways to say no, and none of them with finality. If my bill is going to hang fire for two or three months, you can see where a decisive no in the first week would land me and my lobby with one of those Tarzans that seem a necessary part of every new Congress. In fact, I have one on my hands right now—heavy breathing, taxi grabs, tender rumbles, staying later and later, even the offer direct. But I am not worried. And when the time comes, I will deliver him—amorous but safe and sound—to one of my bosses.

Meanwhile, the next time you are in Washington, I'll be on the lookout for you.

THE END

LADY WITH WINGS

THE LIFE STORY OF MY WIFE, **AMELIA EARHART** BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A dramatic circumstance of Amelia Earhart's first crossing of the Atlantic by plane has come fully to light, for the first time, in Mr. Putnam's account of it. Not only had the pilot, Stultz, been drinking heavily during their wait for good weather, but after they took off she discovered a bottle he had smuggled aboard the plane. Her first impulse was to drop it into the ocean. But—what if his "flying nerves" should require it? She let it remain until their landing. Not once had he resorted to it. In her reply to President Coolidge's congratulatory message, she gave Stultz entire credit for the flight.

How she was lionized in England, how she reacted to the sudden fame that had taken her by surprise, Mr. Putnam told last week in detail. Back home, she found the lecturing field open to her, and she was offered, and eagerly accepted, a connection with McCall's Magazine. She was also offered \$1,500 for a cigarette endorsement. She didn't smoke, nor did she think highly of such endorsing; but she did want the money to give to Commander Byrd, in token of her appreciation of his help to her. When the endorsement—a quite impersonal one—appeared, McCall's curtly canceled its arrangement with her. Presently, on second thought, it made fresh overtures. But she signed up with a different publication.

In the same year, 1928, she flew in the Woman's Air Derby. The next year she formed connections with air transport companies. In 1931 she and Mr. Putnam were married. She began flying autogiros, and made an altitude record for that type which still stands. By 1932 she had added about 1,000 hours to her experience in the air. One morning at breakfast she came out with the question that her husband had long anticipated, not without some dread:

"Would you *mind* if I flew the Atlantic—alone?"

PART FOUR—"SO LONG. GOOD LUCK." . . . AND THEN—

NO one could *mind* her flying the Atlantic in the sense of putting out a proprietary hand to hold her back. I least of all.

"Do you think you are quite ready for it?"

"Well . . ."

There was a pause as she studied my question gravely. I had become accustomed to those pauses before a serious question was answered. Finally she said:

"I think I am. But I'll not make it until I'm sure."

It was sometimes said of AE that she made little preparation for her flights. Actually, she had been making quiet, intensive preparations to fly the Atlantic solo for the past four years—since, in fact, that day in 1928 when the Friendship had landed in Wales.

On that trip she had been a passenger, nothing more. And, because she had been a passenger, writers had

referred to her as "ballast"; as, even, "a sack of potatoes."

That, as much as anything else, had decided AE that one day she would fly the Atlantic alone.

From the first, she said candidly that she would attempt it because she *wanted* to. She was criticized for that. She herself best answered the criticism.

"It isn't, I think, a reason to be apologized for by man or woman," she said. "It is the most honest motive for the majority of mankind's achievements. To want in one's own heart to do a thing for its own sake; to enjoy doing it; to concentrate all one's energies upon it—that is not only the surest guaranty of its success. It is also being true to oneself."

And deep within her, too, was the desire to make the flight for what it would mean to women in aviation.

People were ever curious as to what Amelia Earhart thought about; as to whether she *did* think. Did she "know anything" except aviation?

I suppose it is fair to say that, while her work was aviation, her absorbing interest and concern was the place of women in a rapidly changing world. Her philosophy, often expressed, was brief and uncomplicated.

She simply believed women should have an opportunity equal to that of men to develop their aptitudes. If there were a job open, she thought a woman should be considered for it equally with a man—but only on the basis of training and competence. If a woman didn't have training and competence, she had no business to apply for the job—and certainly none to expect any special consideration because she was a woman.

She was a member of the National Woman's Party, but she was simply being practical enough to admit that such separate parties for women would be needed until all discriminatory legislation had run its course.

Women, she thought, lacked perspective about their place and opportunities in the scheme of things, and men, she felt, were often just as sentimental about the whole thing as women were.

In a Midwest city, one day, she was expressing something like this when a cameraman spoke up: "I still think that the smart woman is the one who can get some man able and willing to provide for her."

I would like to have seen AE's face—and his face when

Storm cloud, ice—and fire! Here at last, from one who knows, is the breath-taking



Just before AE's Atlantic solo flight. With her are Balchen (left) and Gorski.

The ship ripped through the bottom of the cloud and she saw whitecaps beneath her.

she retorted: "But you're not doing her *soul* any good when you take that attitude!"

She was inalterably opposed to war. I remember that Caroline O'Day, member at large of Congress for New York State, a neighbor of ours at Rye and one of AE's most admired friends, made a speech one day. Mrs. O'Day said she was a pacifist, and supposed she would be packed off, therefore, to some federal penitentiary in event of war. Whereupon, AE wired her:

ME TOO STOP ILL MEET YOU AT ATLANTA
AE felt, most sincerely, that if wars were to be tolerated at all, then women should be drafted for them exactly as men were. Not as adornments—in some safe side-line business; but in the cruel and bloody—and dirty—business of warfare in the trenches.

She had a tremendous scorn for women who "faced the onset of war bravely"—while wearing a pretty uniform at a safe distance behind the lines.

It was part of her belief, too, that if women ever were to "grow up" they should measure their individual accomplishments against competing human beings. She felt it was desirable for them to be employed both before and after marriage. She rather hoped the day would come when the volume of women coming into industry would so glut employment outlets that the whole world would be forced to think through to a better economic system.

AE never used alcohol in any form; felt that liquor had no place in a normal life. Yet she was too essentially independent herself to attempt to govern the lives of others.

She never preached at those whose sentiments about the use of liquor were divided from her own. Her favorite beverage was buttermilk.

Naturally, a good share of the application of her philosophy was centered on the place of women in aviation. In 1932 she attempted to make a survey of how far they had come in it. She arrived at the conclusion that, at that time, the proportion of men to women in all aviation occupations was forty-four to one; the average earnings of men, seventy cents an hour, against thirty-eight cents an hour for the women. In one factory she spoke to the general manager about this. He looked her straight in the eye and said:

"Well, if the women will work for less, you can't blame an employer for cutting his costs if he can."

Her social service work had brought her, too, into contact with innumerable cases of cruel discrimination against her sex. It was a discrimination against which, to the day of her death, she fought a sincere and intelligent fight.

Amelia Earhart, then, did think. I knew her as one of the most intelligent and thoughtful of persons. I recall that she and a friend, driving in the country, passed a

inside story of the first adventurous flight by a woman across the Atlantic alone

tattered tramp—a man beaten by life. Miles beyond where they had seen him, she suddenly remarked:

"Why should I have so much—even just this car—and that man so little? I don't know the answer. But there is one. There must be. You can say I've aspired to do something with whatever capacities I have, and that such a man hasn't. But that can't be the answer. It *can't* be."

I think that episode contains the essence of AE's thoughtfulness. She evolved no pat answers to quiet the disturbing questions that arose within her. Yet she was ever looking for those answers. Perhaps that is why she sought so many experiences, adventures. For once she wrote to a friend: "I dream that by working very hard I'll have some time, later, to watch sunsets."

For all of her headlong work, she managed to distill great fun out of life. One writer explained that she flew because she was bored. Actually, she was the most enthusiastically unbored person I have ever met. She wore her fame casually, lightly. She enjoyed driving her car—whether it was the yellow Kissel acquired in 1924 or her old Franklin—and reveled in the occasional adventures and amusing incidents the road offered.

She had a habit of driving fast. One night she and Amy Mollison were overhauled in the wilds of lower Massachusetts by a motorcycle cop. AE, who never asked favors at such a time, produced her license and registration. He studied it, pulling out his book meanwhile.

"So it is you."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

He handed back her papers—and held out his book.

"Mind autographing this?" he asked. "My buddy and I had an argument when you went past. He said it wasn't you; I said it was. Sign right there. Thanks. Will I have the laugh on him!"

Another time she was speeding through the New England countryside toward Boston about one thirty in the morning when she was overhauled. Again the cop looked up from her license.

"Oh! So it's you. I get all the big ones on this road. Once I got the President's son. He had a tale. About some English class. Last week it was the governor. He had a tramp. Asked me could I find the guy a bed and a job. And now I get you."

"Well," said AE meekly, "if you could give me the dufunny . . . I'm pretty tired. I'd like to get along and get some sleep."

"Now look here," the cop said. "You wouldn't come down to the house and say hello to the wife, would you?"

"At this time of night?"

"She'd be tickled to get up—for you."

It had the subtle air of a trade.

They came to a neat little frame house, went in. The cop followed the beam of his flashlight upstairs.

"Annie!" he called. "I brought you Amelia Earhart."

Annie came downstairs. Bitter. Skeptical.

"Pleased to meet you," she said, still unconvinced.

"Have a glass of milk and a piece of cake?"

AE would and did. The cop escorted her outside.

"If you gotta make time," he advised, "you may be picked up down below by Joe Ryan. Tell him I said it was all right. Tell him I said you was in a hurry." He gave her his name. "And thanks."

SO many persons have exhibited a curiosity concerning AE and Lindbergh that it might be well to set some of the answers down. How well did they know each other? How did they act when they met?

Their meetings were few. They developed no important association on the basis of their mutual concern with aviation. They shared, perhaps, a certain common misery over the behavior of crowds toward them and those persistent invasions of privacy which all public figures must endure. But when they met they certainly wasted no time in comparing notes.

Amelia had a very great admiration for Lindbergh. When critics carped, she seized the cudgels for him.

"It's no fun to have one's clothes torn," she would say stoutly. "It's simply ghastly to be *pinched*. There's a mania to manhandle Lindbergh. No man has ever been treated as he has, though even I have had things literally stolen off my back."

Among friends, however, Lindbergh had an almost unlimited zest for horseplay. His enjoyment of a practical joke—even when the victim happened to be himself—was keen. One incident hitherto untold, I believe, happened to find AE occupying a box seat.

Anne, the Colonel, and AE were fellow guests at the home of Jack Maddux in Los Angeles. Sometimes they were able to sneak unnoticed into a moving-picture theater, though it required minute arrangement. Later there would be icebox suppers in the Maddux kitchen.

One night they were sitting about close to the icebox. Anne and AE were drinking buttermilk. Lindbergh, standing behind his wife munching a tomato sandwich, had the impulse to let drops of water fall in a stream on his wife's shoulder from a glass in his other hand.

Anne was wearing a dress of pale blue silk. Water spots silk. AE observed a growing unhappiness on Anne's part—but no move toward rebellion, not even a murmur of complaint. Anne, AE often described as the best sport in the world.

Suddenly Anne rose and stood by the door, with her back to the others, her head resting on her arm. AE thought, with horror, that the impossible had come to pass—that Anne was crying.

BUT Anne was thinking out a solution to her problem. The instant she thought it out, she acted upon it. With one movement, she turned—and poured the glass of buttermilk over the Colonel's blue serge suit. It made an incredible mess. Lindbergh's face wore a look of utter amazement that broke, almost at once, into a tremendous grin. He threw his head up and roared with laughter. The joke—very practical—was on him!

AE always suspected that no more of Anne's dresses ever got spotted in that fashion.

About this time, the Maddux household dined in Chinatown. Lindbergh and AE both had a lively curiosity about new foods. In the course of Oriental events they discovered dried beetles. Lindbergh, delighted, took an entire bagful of them with him when he left. During the next week, almost every one with whom the Colonel came in contact was offered a beetle. The Colonel would munch one, insisting that his guest do likewise. It became a rather trying ordeal for squeamish persons with no desire to offend him.

My own acquaintance with Colonel Lindbergh was limited to meetings in connection with his book, *We*, which my firm published, and to a few dinners and chance encounters. The truth is, I never knew him really well. Few, I believe, became his friends.

To this day, I believe sincerely that the outstanding strength of his peculiar make-up, the spiritual characteristic which perhaps contributes most to his accomplishments, is the fact that he permits no diversions, no digressions, to detour him from a matter of immediate interest. Which is an excellent quality when there are tasks requiring acute concentration.

I think the core of Lindbergh's make-up is an utter absence of imagination in the personal, ordinary sense. What I am really trying to say, I believe, is that he completely lacks the faculty (of dubious worth) of creating any of the mental blueprints which could produce fear or even worry.

He was, then, a person admirably suited to fly the Atlantic solo—as he had done.

Something of this came to me on the morning that AE broached her own intention of flying the Atlantic solo.

AE, of a totally different temperament than Lindbergh, was possessed of acute imagination. She vividly foresaw all of the innumerable hazards.

Yet, I found myself forced to admit, if she did soar out alone across the Atlantic, she could face those hazards as completely unafraid as Lindbergh must have been—for, in her soul, she was utterly a fatalist.

The plan crystallized in the same domestic surroundings. It was an early-April Sunday. Bernt Balchen, the great Norwegian flyer, had driven over from Hasbrouck Heights to Rye for lunch. We had gone outdoors and had begun to play some croquet. The sun was warm. A few crocuses had poked through the ground and the great elms and oaks were showing a delicate leafy lace.

AE suddenly laid down her mallet. "Bernt, I want to tell you . . ."

The three of us went to sit on a smooth gray rock. And Amelia, as I felt she was going to, said:

"I want to fly the Atlantic—alone."

Bernt nodded. She asked three questions: "Am I ready to do it? Is the ship ready? And will you help me?"

Balchen talks little. He pondered her questions. A minute passed. Then, quietly and simply, he answered:

"Yes. You can do it. The ship—when we are through with it—is O. K. And . . . I'll help."

I felt better. If this venture had to be, we would at least have on AE's side altogether the best man we could get as technical adviser.

Toward evening Bernt went away. When he had gone, AE and I, with Lucy Challis, her cousin and companion of childhood days back in Atchison, went to the kitchen to forage some supper. Lucy was stirring cocoa when AE turned to her.

"Can you keep a secret?"

Lucy was sure she could.

"I'm going to fly the Atlantic again. By myself, this time."

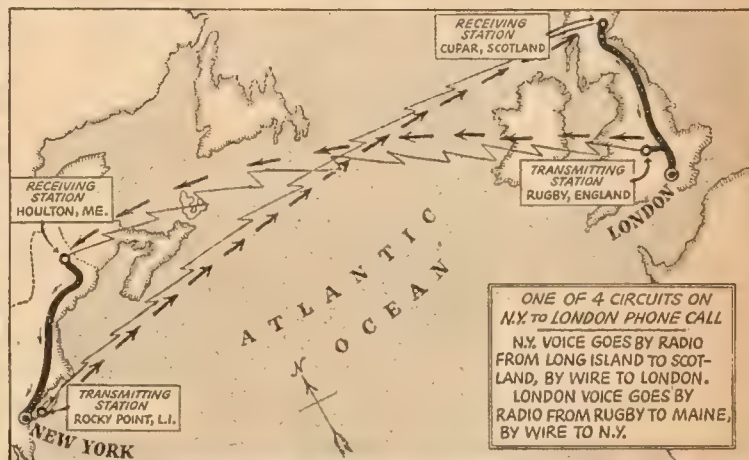
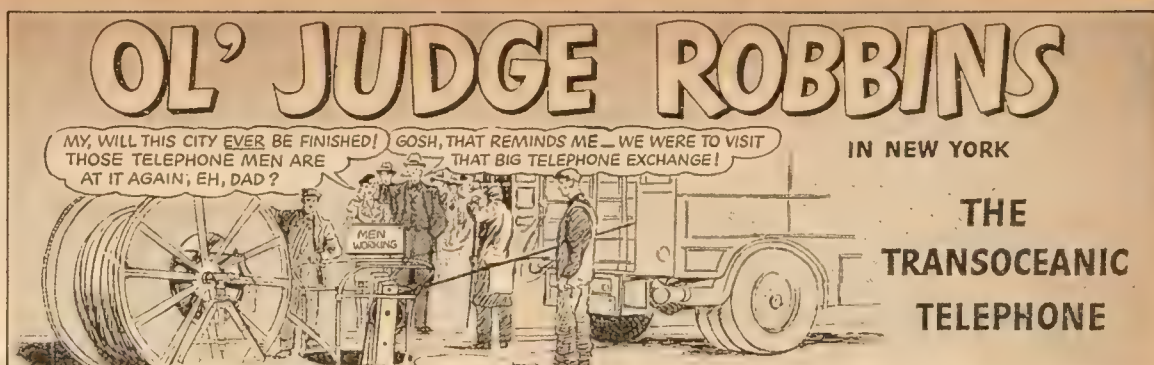
Lucy's stirring hand halted. Whatever she was about to say went unuttered. For the cocoa boiled over. We mopped up and made more. At all events, Lucy kept the secret.

DAYS of busy preparation lay ahead. Advance publicity—questions of reporters, messages from friends, commercial overtures—all of these would have made up an unimportant and exhausting handicap. AE avoided them by the simple process of chartering the plane, her red Lockheed Vega, to Balchen. It was known that Balchen was planning an Antarctic expedition with Lincoln Ellsworth. Hence, by having managed to create the pardonably fictitious impression that Balchen was tuning up for a South Polar dash, she won freedom to concentrate upon the essentials. Hour after hour of day after day she spent learning everything she could about flying on instruments. She had no liking for rash adventure; no respect for any one who was careless.

Her "family bus," the Lockheed, was taken to Teterboro Airport in New Jersey, just over the Hudson from New York. She had an understanding with Bernt Balchen. If—at any stage of the preparations—he should reach the conclusion that AE should not make the flight, he would tell her so and they would wash the whole idea out.

But Balchen's confidence never wavered—and his confidence contributed immeasurably to AE's own.

She had been flying that particular Lockheed for three years and it had had some hard knocks, so that the fuselage had to be basically strengthened. Extra fuel tanks were housed in the wings and the cabin cleared to make room for a large auxiliary tank.

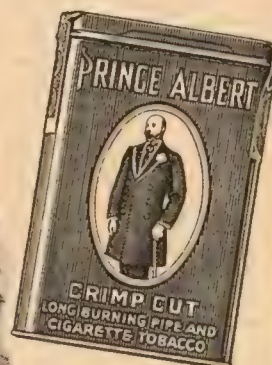


Hello! Smokers Speaking... "P.A.'s milder—and it's tastier!"



I CREDIT MY PIPE PLEASURE TO PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S COOLER, MELLER WITH GOOD, RICH BODY!

P.A. IS TASTIER, TOO, IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES. ROLLS FASTER, NEATER AND SMOKES SLOWER

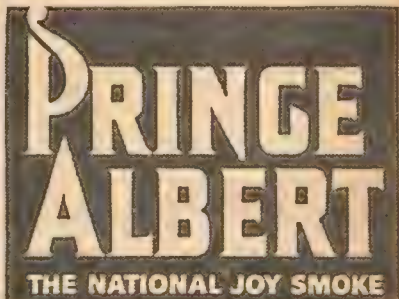


P. A. PLEASES OR "REVERSE THE CHARGES!"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert



Copr., 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"

2 OUT OF
3 BARBERS
USE COLGATE
LATHER...
THE FAST
FRIENDLY
SHAVE!

Signed

Memo Franchina

Asst. Mgr.,
Terminal Barber Shop,
Waldorf-Astoria,
New York City



1. QUICK

because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTH

because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. ECONOMICAL

You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

BARBERS KNOW from long experience that lather gives a smooth, easy shave, because it wilts whiskers soft and fast. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. For shaving at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather... loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard... soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube.

COLGATE

RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

The new tanks increased the fuel capacity to 420 gallons, giving the ship a cruising radius of 3,200 miles. With twenty gallons of oil, the plane, loaded, weighed about 5,500 pounds.

Additional instruments went in. They included a drift indicator and three compasses—an aperiodic, a magnetic, and a directional gyro for checking one against the other. Her old motor had flown a little too faithfully to be burdened with the Atlantic grind, so from Pratt & Whitney came a new 500-horsepower Wasp.

April moved into May, and days and nights were spent in watching weather maps. As usual, genial Doc Kimball was the kindly arbiter. If he knew precisely what AE intended to do, he gave no sign.

The weather map for the afternoon of May 18 was anything but promising. The eastern Atlantic was masked in a persistent "low." AE was growing anxious, now, to move up to Harbor Grace for the rest of the waiting.

I was stationed at Dr. Kimball's office when she drove out to Teterboro the next morning to talk with Balchen and her mechanic, Eddie Gorski. At eleven thirty we called her from New York. The weather reports were before us. It seemed best for her to shove off.

"How is it between here and Harbor Grace?" she asked.

"Fine visibility all the way."

"I'll go home and get my things," she said, after that little minute of considering silence. "I'll be back and ready to start by three o'clock."

SHE drove rapidly to Rye, where she changed into jodhpurs, silk shirt, windbreaker. She picked up her flying suit and maps, a scarf or two, a comb and a toothbrush. For food, she took only a thermos bottle containing soup and a can containing tomato juice. She was criticized later for taking no extra clothing, no extra food. "Either," she was to reply, "would have been extra weight and extra worry. A pilot whose landplane falls into the Atlantic is not consoled by caviar sandwiches."

Her car rolled back on to Teterboro Airport at five minutes to three. I was at the field, of course, to see her off. I found a twenty-dollar bill in my pocket and gave it to her. She grinned. "Generous allowance, this," she teased, "for a trip to Europe."

Fifteen minutes later she was in the air with Balchen and Gorski. It took them three hours and thirty minutes to get to St. John in New Brunswick. They stayed the night there. The next day they took off for Harbor Grace, with Balchen at the controls. AE rested in the fuselage behind the extra tank all the way from St. John, so that she would still be fresh for the long night of flying.

At Harbor Grace she went off to get some sleep. Balchen and Gorski tuned the ship. Telegrams came from New York. The engine was started up for warming.

Balchen sent a message to AE's room: "Ready!"

As she came out on the field, he handed her a message from me. She shook hands with him and Gorski.

He said to her: "O. K. So long. Good luck."

She climbed into the red Lockheed. There was a southwest wind over the runway. It was twelve minutes after seven in the evening. She waved once to Balchen and Gorski, then gunned her engine for the take-off.

A minute later she was in the air, headed out to sea. The weather was perfect, the air smooth.

A little more than an hour out, she sighted two icebergs. It was growing dark and she was flying at 12,000 feet when she saw a small boat a couple of hours out of Harbor Grace. She blinked her navigation lights, but received no answering signal.

THE moon came up over a bank of scattered white clouds which became more compact and finally blanketed beneath her to shut the ocean entirely from her view.

She was flying along—happy, I believe, as she was peculiarly able to be alone in the skies—when something happened that was wholly new to her. Her altimeter failed.

Without it she could have no way of telling how far she was above the waters, hidden by clouds. It was dark now, nearly midnight. On ahead loomed before her a dark storm cloud, too large to circle. And the friendly moon suddenly vanished behind it.

She did not want to plunge into that cloud. But it loomed up thousands of feet, and she did not wish to waste gas climbing. And so in she plunged, to fly blind.

Looking out of the cockpit of her plane, she could see nothing except a swirling gray mist through which, dimly, she caught the glow of the green navigation light on her right wing tip; the red on her left.

Sense of direction, in blind flying, completely deserts even the most experienced flyer. That is where instruments come to his aid. They tell him in what direction he is flying, whether he is ascending or descending and at what speed; whether he is flying level and whether he is being pushed by a side wind. They tell him, comfortingly, how high he is, and furnish him with an artificial horizon.

And so AE flew into the mist of the storm cloud, depending upon the instruments in the cockpit. True, she was without the altimeter, but so long as she maintained level flight she would be safe from the waters beneath.

And then the storm hit her.

In all the years of her flying she had never encountered such rough air. Her wings creaked beneath the blast of it and were forced into sharp banks. Right. Then left. Up- and downdrafts vaulted her out of her seat and slapped her back into it. Her plane pitched and yawed.

The Weather Bureau had told her that there were storms to the south of her course. That she might find them crossing her path, but that by

midnight she should have clear sailing. Midnight came and went—and the storm grew in intensity.

The going was becoming desperately rough and she was tired of flying in utter darkness. She pulled the stick back a bit and began to climb. Once the clouds parted and gave her an aisle, and the moon appeared. Then it vanished again.

Stubbornly she continued to climb. The storm buffeted her as she sought to get above it. And suddenly the plane seemed logy and the controls stiff. Something had happened to another instrument—the tachometer. And then she knew.

Ice!

There was slush on the window-pane. And out to her right, the wing-tip light threw a ghastly green glow on a rapidly forming sheath of ice, of murderous weight. She had to get down—down into warmer temperatures.

It was then that the hand of fate reached for the slim girl in the cockpit of the little red plane.

SHE was about to push the plane's stick forward—to descend—when the plane tilted, fell off on one wing. She was in a spin . . . falling . . . falling through a gray cloak of nothingness toward an ocean she could not see.

She could not afford to fall long. She did all the things one does in a tail spin. The Lockheed, icebound, refused to come out of it. The broken altimeter could tell her nothing. She might, by now, have dropped to within a thousand feet of the water. Or she might be within ten feet of it.

Again she worked the controls. And this time the ship responded, stopped spinning. It ripped through the bottom of the storm cloud in a steep dive, and AE saw whitecaps directly beneath her as she eased the stick back and leveled off.

She cleared those whitecaps; cleared them—and was thankful for them. For it is difficult to gauge distance above water, and had the ocean not been whitecapped she might not have leveled her ship off in time.

She breathed a sigh of relief then, I think, as she flew low and level in the warmer air above the ocean. A kind of peace肘owed tension aside. The deadly ice was almost completely melted off her wings.

She saw a bright star lighting the clerestory in the cathedral of the skies.

And then something brighter—and closer—caught her eye. From a suddenly broken weld in the manifold ring of her plane's engine streamed . . .

Fire!

A fire to contend with? How grave was the danger? How near death—death in a flaming plane, or in the deep—did the heroic Amelia Earhart come during this, her historic solo flight across the Atlantic? Let her husband tell you the whole thrilling story of it in Liberty next week!

Were your shirts made for the Animal Kingdom?



1. DO YOUR COLLARS shrink from size 15 to an ostrich's neck size? Or are your shirts Sanforized-Shrunk Arrows whose fabric can't shrink more than 1%? Arrows fit—*first, last, and always!*



2. ARE YOUR SHIRTS cut with enough cloth to cloak a gorilla? Or do you snuggle into Arrow's unique *Mitoga* cut that slopes with your shoulders, curves with your waist?



3. EVER WISH you had a goatee to hide your collar? Well, Arrow's made collars for 78 years and there's none finer! You'll be proud as a peacock of the perfectly tailored collar that caps your Arrow Shirt.



4. WELL-DRESSED MEN like Arrow Dart. Its collar stays handsomely crisp without starch, and outwears any collar of its kind. Get it at your Arrow dealer's today. \$2.25. Other smart Arrows are \$2 up.

ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

WILLIAM GAXTON VICTOR MOORE

in "Leave it to
Bromo-Seltzer"

THERE'S MANY
A HEADACHE
IN LONG
REHEARSALS

TOUGH ON
NERVES, TOO,
BUT WE'LL
LEAVE IT TO—

**BROMO-
SELTZER!**
IT RELIEVES
HEADACHE
FAST—

Gaxton and
Moore start rehearsals
for the current hit,
"LEAVE IT TO ME!"

AND STEADIES
OUR NERVES.
NO WONDER IT
MAKES A HIT!

"Can't let head-
aches, tense
nerves inter-
fere," says Vic-
tor Moore, "so
we take Bromo-Seltzer."

HEADACHE strains your NERVES

Headache disturbs your nervous system. That's why headache is best treated with a remedy made to do at least 2 things . . . ease pain—steady your nerves. Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors proved this.

Take Bromo-Seltzer.* Quickly it eases the pain . . . leaves you steadier, less nervous. At drug-stores, soda fountains. Be sure to keep it handy at home, too.

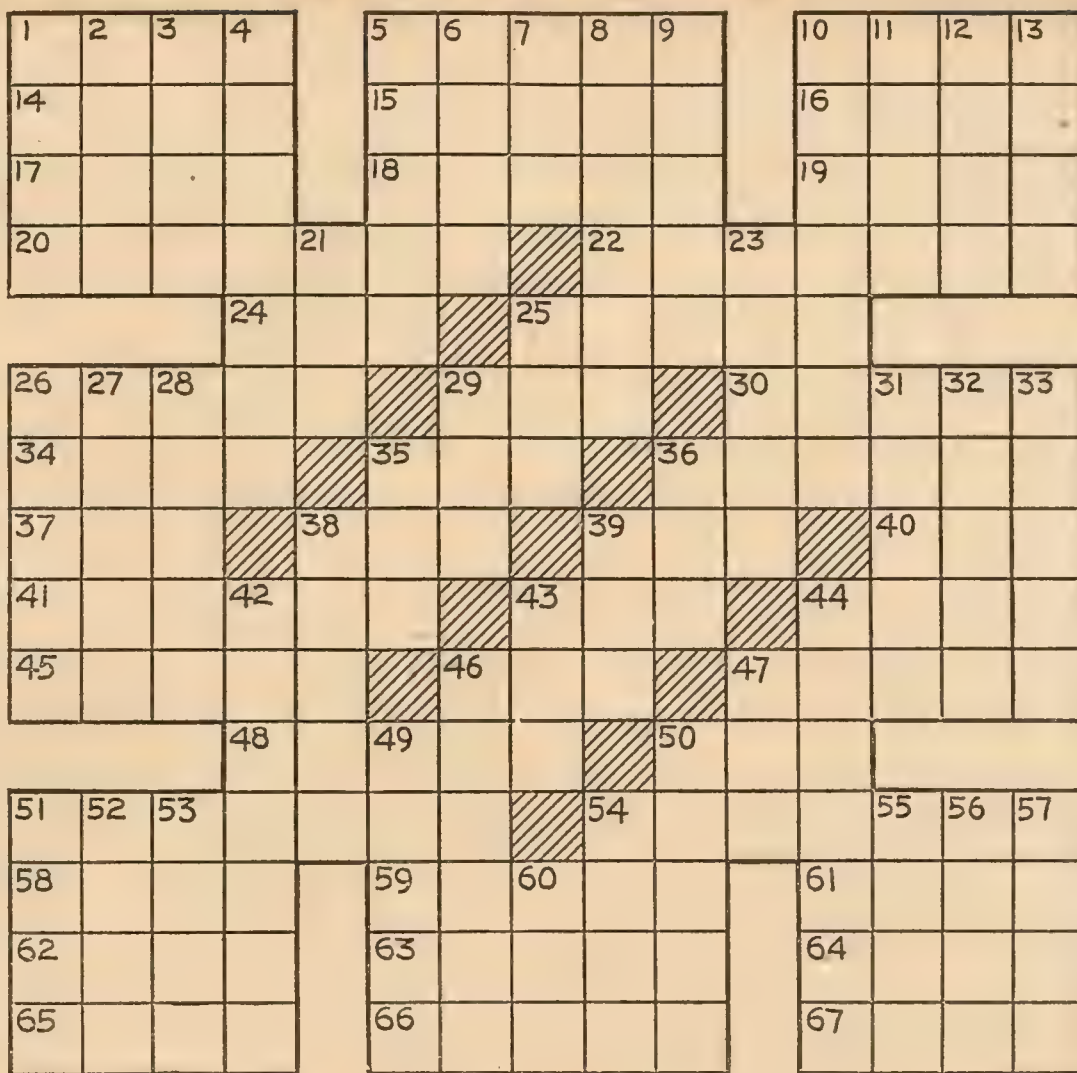
*For frequently recurring or persistent headache, see a doctor. For ordinary headaches, take Bromo-Seltzer.

**BROMO-
SELTZER**



FOR HEADACHE

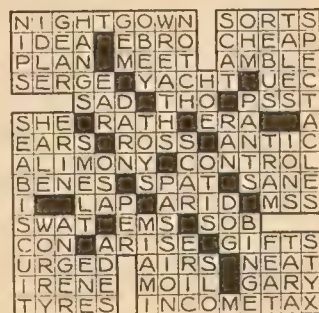
CROSSWORDS



By LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Potassium aluminum sulphate
- 5 Inflammation of the nasal cavities (vet.)
- 10 A lean-to
- 14 Exceedingly
- 15 Stretch forth
- 16 A man of distinguished courage
- 17 A certain person (pl.)
- 18 Beforehand
- 19 An Arabian military commander
- 20 To expose to the air
- 22 The Western Hemisphere
- 24 Devour
- 25 Portion
- 26 Rises on hind legs
- 29 Pronoun
- 30 Smallest
- 34 Not difficult
- 35 Fastening device
- 36 Part of a roof
- 37 Skill
- 38 Reclined
- 39 Obese
- 40 Cardinal number
- 41 Sufficient
- 43 Conjunction
- 44 Finishes
- 45 Ancient country in Asia
- 46 An enthusiastic lover of any sport
- 47 Consecrate
- 48 More discriminating



Last week's
answer

- 50 American author
- 51 Went into
- 54 One who trespasses on a game preserve
- 58 Jump
- 59 Sorrow
- 61 Ripped
- 62 Prefix: half
- 63 Expunge
- 64 Bad
- 65 Paradise
- 66 Wise men
- 67 Disavow

VERTICAL

- 1 To declare openly
- 2 Unaspirated
- 3 A crystalline soluble
- 4 Puzzle
- 5 Salute
- 6 Character in one of Shakespeare's plays
- 7 Part of the head

- 8 A kind of pastry
- 9 An herb
- 10 An Arabian chieftain
- 11 Prefix: half
- 12 Man's name
- 13 Woman's name
- 21 Possesses
- 23 Dash
- 25 Place where animals are kept
- 26 Cuts with a scythe, etc.
- 27 Previous
- 28 A kind of flower
- 29 Strike
- 31 Make amends for
- 32 Dispatches
- 33 A braid or lock of hair
- 35 Recompense
- 36 Rodent
- 38 A step
- 39 Mirth
- 42 Peg of wood used in a game
- 43 To stop
- 44 Chosen by vote
- 46 Kind of hat
- 47 Species of serpent
- 49 Gives
- 50 Holes in the skin
- 51 Otherwise
- 52 Want
- 53 Domesticated
- 54 Posture
- 55 Lifted
- 56 Island near England
- 57 Depend upon
- 60 To loiter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



PHIL BERRY - 39

I AM A
Psychic
DETECTIVE

He raised his hand to his sword. The big man whipped out a pistol.

A FULL HOUSE

BY HORACE LEAF, F. R. G. S.

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Mr. Leaf is telling in Liberty a series of ghost stories. They are good ones; there can be no question about that. If they were presented simply as fiction, you would probably find them striking and fascinating.

However, the particularly unusual thing about them is that, as far as Mr. Leaf is concerned, they are not fiction in any sense. To his mind, at least, they are fact: statements of experiences that he has had as a professional ghost layer.

Now, were some one quite unknown to you to tell such tales and affirm them to be true, would you not at once feel certain that he was some sort of practical joker—or was "balmy"?

You may rest assured that Mr. Leaf is neither. Nobody who had met him could doubt that he was sincere; and he is an accredited English scientist with a balanced make-up. He was selected by Conan Doyle to carry on that author's psychical research work, and he has done so all over the world.

Thus it is by no means merely as a storyteller that he deserves a hearing. Do you suppose we have before us in this series something that may prove as worthy of recognition and investigation as multiple personality or "extra-sensory perception"—both of which have been discussed with you in Liberty?

MY acquaintance with Mr. Godfrey Kent went back over many years, but always, until he walked into my office in London to consult me, we had met only between the pages of his delightful books, which are as well known on your side of the Atlantic as on mine.

"Just how do you go about laying

a ghost?" he asked as he settled himself in one of my office chairs.

"My work," I said, "doesn't describe very well. I would much rather demonstrate it."

"I appreciate the difficulty," he replied. "But do you work as a magician or as a normal human being?"

I did my best to keep back a smile.

"Not a magician, surely—and not always, I suppose, as what you would call a normal human being. Sometimes the normal senses are enough. Many

gentle apparitions, for instance, I can talk to—"

"You talk to them?"

"Why, yes. That's all there is to ghost laying, really: talking to these poor souls, finding out from them just

A bizarre, real-life
tale of three ghosts.
Is it beyond belief?

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

what is binding them against their wills to this earth."

"You talk to them as you are talking to me?"

"That's the point. Sometimes, as I was saying, I can make myself understood in my own personality. Sometimes I have to have the help of a second personality working through me. You believe, don't you, that we all have two personalities, the one we normally use and the one which we could use if we had the power—as I seem to have—to summon it?"

"I know something of that theory," he said. "My old friend Conan Doyle used to talk to me about it."

"You had a good teacher. He was my friend, too."

"I know. That's why I am here. That's why I am asking you to come down to Hertfordshire with me."

In a quarter of an hour we were weaving our way in his big car through the streets of Greater London.

It was as I had thought. Life was being made intolerable for the author and his entire household by noises which they had tried in vain to account for.

As is usual in such cases, the servants were at first suspected. In fact, the most persistent of the disturbances had been traced from the room in which they habitually originated along a passageway and up to the servants' quarters on the next floor. Several people had heard footsteps ascend the stairs to the door of the butler's room, and had distinctly heard the latch rattle.

Far from denying the testimony of these persons, the butler acknowledged that he too had heard the footsteps, seen the latch move, and on one occasion actually observed the door swing open. He hadn't mentioned the matter at the time, for fear of losing his position. Now, however, the poor man had begged and received permission to sleep in the village. But during his absence the disturbance had continued.

That was as much as my host had told me when we rolled up to the Elizabethan mansion which the Kents had recently purchased.

"Please take me at once to the room," I said.

"Mrs. Kent's sewing room and study," he informed me, throwing open a door at the end of the main hall.

Both that night and the next I spent alone in that room. During neither was there anything to see or hear. But I have learned to be patient.

With me on the third evening was my friend the Rev. Mr. Vale Owen, who accompanied Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and me when we laid the ghost of Lenin, and who is himself possessed of recognized psychic powers.

We had no sooner drawn the blinds, put out the lights, and settled ourselves in easy chairs than we began to have "goose flesh." A damp chilliness gradually pervaded the room. Owen felt only the lowering of the temperature and the eeriness which naturally accompanies strange supernormal phenomena; but my limbs slowly stiffened until I had to take care not to pass into a state of complete catalepsy.

PRESENTLY we heard a number of faint taps, which seemed to come from a bookcase standing opposite the window. The taps became distinct knockings. I went to the door. There was no one there. So I went back to my chair, and tried to visualize the sort of person who was making these weird noises.

What followed was a complete surprise to me. As we sat there silently in the darkness, we were soon aware of a dim phosphorescent light shining halfway between us, which grew gradually brighter until it illumined the whole room. Out of this light there stepped a charming old lady of seventy or seventy-five, dressed in the ultra-feminine costume of the first half of the eighteenth century. Her snow-white hair was partially covered by a cap of the most delicate lace. From her eyes and lips came the gentlest of smiles.

"Who are you, madam?" my companion asked.

"A former inhabitant of this house."

"What brings you here?"

"Oh, I always visit here when I wish to."

"It must be you, then," I interjected, "who walk along the passage outside and up the stairs to the corner room on the next floor."

"I always go that way," she said. "This room was my bedroom, and the room upstairs was the nursery."

With that, she vanished. Seen, however, again, I heard her voice. This time she mentioned her name, Lady Matilda Dudley, and reiterated that she had during her lifetime tenanted the house—a statement which we subsequently found to be true.

I asked her to promise never to visit Mr. Kent's house again. If ever there was an indignant ghost, it was that old lady!

"I shall do nothing of the sort," she retorted. "I owned this house before he did, and I shall come here when I like. If any one is to get out, it must be he."

"I am sure," I said, "that he would have no objection to your coming here whenever you wished, Lady Matilda, if it makes you happy to do so. What he wishes to be spared is the noise of your nightly progress from this room along the passage and up the stairs."

Her manner changed instantly from anger to concern. As I had suspected, she had not been aware she was causing any uneasiness. She promised that her future visits would be noiseless.

I made no further effort to lay this gentle ghost. Somehow, I felt—and my feeling, I am glad to say, was justified by subsequent events—that Matilda Dudley was the kind of ghost that would keep her word.

We sought our host to receive his congratulations.

He looked skeptical. "A woman, you say?"

"Yes; and she has promised not to—"

I NEVER finished that sentence.

A shriek like that of a dying man rent the atmosphere. More shrieks followed, and groans; they came apparently from a cellar under the main stairway.

"That must be Curtayne!" exclaimed Mr. Kent.

"Curtayne? Have you more than one ghost here?"

"I didn't think so. But, frankly, the ghost I was expecting you to find was a man."

These cries we had just heard, he said, did not occur so frequently as the sound of steps in the corridor, and had been accepted as simply another manifestation of the same troubled spirit. The story he now told us will doubtless seem to you unbelievable. When finally convinced against his will that the disturbances which were driving him and his household to desperation were supernormal, he had sought out the well known medium Mr. Vout Peters. He had told Peters nothing. He had even concealed the whereabouts of the estate by a night motor ride from London. Then, still basically skeptical, he had awaited results.

The famous psychic did not succeed in laying the ghosts. That isn't his business. But he did tell Kent that his fine old mansion had played an important part in the Civil War of the seventeenth century which resulted in the beheading of Charles I. On one occasion, Peters insisted, a young Cavalier of King Charles' army had been tracked to the cellar under the main stairway and brutally slaughtered by the Roundheads.

Furthermore, the medium declared that the body of the murdered man had been buried close to an old wall bordering the estate, but that this wall had since been knocked down and all trace of the grave lost.

The last statement impressed Kent, as he already knew from old plans of the property that there had been such a wall. Further research disclosed that the medium had also been right about the murder of the young Cavalier, Rupert Curtayne by name.

"Is there an entrance to that cellar from this floor?" I asked.

"Yes. Under the stairs."

He led me to it, and I descended, with my candle, through a trap door into the dungeonlike hole from which the shrieks were again issuing. From the odor that assailed my nostrils, I could well believe that the dead man's remains were still rotting there. However, I encountered nothing more terrifying than his astral body—which appeared almost immediately, garbed in the torn but still gay costume of the Cavaliers.

There was nothing vindictive about this spiritual manifestation, either. The owners of the mansion in Curtayne's time had given him sanctuary. He bore no grudge against the present occupants of the house. He was simply chained, presumably by the brutal circumstances

of his death, to the scene of it. In short, Rupert Cur-
tayne's gentle ghost was as desirous of getting away as
I was to have him. Therefore I had no difficulty at all in
laying it to the satisfaction of Kent—whose relief and
that of his household was touching.

"Thanks to you," he said, "my family and I are to
have our first good night's sleep in months."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when there came
from the drawing room on the right of the main hall a
sharp explosion, like the report of a pistol.

Still another ghost in this historic country house?

"Have you heard that before?" I asked.

"Many times—but never in the same evening that I
heard the cries from the cellar. Naturally, I thought it
was the same ghoulish creature manifesting himself in
different ways. Is it possible, Mr. Leaf, that the laying
of one ghost might—what shall we say?—automatically
release another?"

I told him that, according to psychical research, it was
distinctly possible.

"What are you going to do about it?" Mr. Owen asked.

"I am going to interview the one in the drawing room."

Whereupon I persuaded my companions to go to bed as
they had planned, and disposed myself to await develop-
ments. None came that night. But on the next night I
was rewarded by a most startling experience.

Without warning, there stepped straight out of the
table in the center of that stately room a handsome young
dandy dressed in frilled habiliments. My candle had long
since gone out. There was, however, enough moonlight
in the room to illumine his eyes, which gleamed mali-
ciously at some unseen foe.

The young man was very angry. His lips moved
rapidly but gave forth no words. He was evidently de-
fending himself against the accusations of invisible
accusers. I got the impression that he had been cheating
at some game and had been caught at it.

For several moments I could not make out any of the
persons with whom he was arguing. Then two of them
came into view. One, a big florid man who bore a strong
resemblance to the young dandy, was talking as fast as
he. The other was a small timid-looking old fellow who
seemed to be trying to reconcile the two.

The peacemaker might have succeeded if the dandy
hadn't raised his hand to his sword's hilt. The big man
thereupon whipped out a long pistol and shot him dead.

On the sound of the shot, the scene faded out.

LATER inquiry disclosed that the death of the young
dandy had actually occurred in that room in precisely
that manner. He had quarreled over a game of cards
with his own father, William John Ransome, and the
older man had shot him in self-defense.

Meanwhile I had a feeling that the ghost would reap-
pear. It did—but not in objective form. The young
gambler did not stand before my eyes. Believe it or not
—and you probably won't—his spirit entered my body.
It spoke through my lips. Foul blasphemy, oaths that I
had never heard poured through them as I vowed venge-
ance on him who had shot me. Through no will of my
own, I was participating in an incident which must have
happened in the last half of the seventeenth century.

Then, as suddenly and inexplicably as it had come, the
spirit which possessed me took its departure. I was once
more plain, unfrilly, unprofane Horace Leaf of the
twentieth century, engaged—albeit, at the moment, none
too successfully—in my business of ghost laying.

What had happened was nothing unusual. Students of
the psychical are convinced that ghosts frequently take
possession of the body and mind of the person who is
trying to master them.

In this instance, as soon as I had dispossessed myself
of the spirit, I was able to rid the drawing room of haun-
tings as completely as I had the cellar.

It was a more difficult job, however, because this young
gambler was a very difficult ghost!

Still more difficult—as Mr. Leaf himself realizes—is
his present job of convincing you of such occurrences as
these . . . or is it? Anyway, he'll tell you of another
of his amazing cases in *Liberty* next week!

"The man who doesn't
watch his breath
needn't watch for
me! Better use
LIFE SAVERS,
mister!"



"There's nothing as delicious
as MOLAS-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!
They're cooling and refresh-
ing, and, oh, how good they
taste!"

"Good fellowship
in the P.M. often
leads to a bad taste
in the A.M. Let
tangy WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS keep
your mouth fresh."



"Everybody's
breath offends
sometimes after
eating, smoking,
or drinking. Let
LIFE SAVERS save
yours."



13 delicious mint and fruit flavors.

Sold everywhere, 5¢

HOLLYWOOD JOBS

The Confessions of a Talent Scout

Next steps on the road to fame—Another expert continues a fascinating series

BY BILLY GRADY

Chief Talent Executive, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

as told to KENNETH L. WATT

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHEN Al Altman, M-G-M's Eastern talent executive, decides that the hypothetical young actress, Corinne Charbonneau, is worth a screen test, and, having made it, sends it on to us in Hollywood, we must make a decision involving large sums of money by merely watching the girl on the screen for about two minutes. There she is for a few seconds—take her or leave her.

In the case of hypothetical Miss Charbonneau, we decide to take her, because we can feel the girl's personality as we watch and hear her test. She has faults, lots of them; but, with the training that she will be given here in Hollywood, I feel that I *may* be able to sell her to some of our producers and directors.

You'll notice that I use the word "sell." That is because my work makes me a sort of talent agent within our organization. When an actor or actress comes to the M-G-M studio—whether discovered by me or sent here by one of my scouting executives—I must not only do the training, or grooming, but I must then persuade producers and directors to use the artist.

As soon as our hypothetical Corinne is ready to leave New York, Al Altman wires me telling me when she will arrive. Thereupon I make arrangements to have her met at the train and taken to the apartment we have selected for her. Corinne doesn't know the city, so my staff does the job of apartment hunting for her.

As soon as she has had a chance to get rested and cleaned up, I send for her. When she enters the little bungalow on the M-G-M lot which serves as my workshop, I smile cordially. "So you're the Corinne Charbonneau I've heard about."

"Yes. And you're the Billy Grady everybody in New York was telling me about."

Not easily abashed, I notice, and that's all to the good. Give me a girl with poise and sparkle and you can keep all the meek ones. Then: "You like your food and your sleep, don't you?"

"W-e-l-l, yes, I do. But why do you ask?"

"Those hips," I snap. "We'll have to do something about them." I keep an eye on her to see how she takes it. She smiles. "That's all right with me. You're the boss."

"And you don't walk right," I go on. "Your steps are too short. Let's see you sit down."

She walks toward the divan, turns around, and seats herself. Not bad, I think, but certainly not good. One of my assistants will have to do some work on Corinne's body movement. I call in Lillian Burns, and, after the introductions are effected, I tell Corinne that Miss Burns is to be her "mother" from now on. Then I wave the two of them out of my office.

Lillian Burns is ideally fitted for her job. She worked for David Belasco as an actress, studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, and is one of those rare people who know the physical and mental sides of acting and can teach others. From her I will get a detailed report of her observations of Corinne; these, added to my own, will determine that young actress' activities for the next few weeks.

The following morning Lillian comes to my office.

"O. K. Let's have it," I tell her.

Lillian lights a cigarette. "Well, we read a scene from *The Green Bay Tree*. She has a nice feeling for the lines, but she mugs too much. Overacts a little, too."

I've expected this, because I noticed it in her New York screen test. "Too much theater?" I ask.

"Exactly," Lillian nods. "Her gestures are too broad—she doesn't realize that the camera magnifies such things about twenty times. She also forgets that the



"I've been walking around, balancing a book on my head."

camera brings the audience right up to the footlights, so she projects her voice too much."

"How about her diction?" I inquire.

"Fair. Her jaw is tight and she has a tendency to go 'veddy-veddy.'"

I'd observed this too. "Now, what about the physical part?" I ask.

"Walking, sitting, rising—all have to be worked on. Her hips are too broad and her legs need paring down."

When Lillian leaves my office I know exactly what she has in store for Corinne. I've told the youngster to come in to see me often, and while I will have Lillian's regular reports, I will also be able to study how our novice is taking things and how she is improving.



That is our method of teaching the proper way to walk.

Two days later Corinne comes in to see me. "How are things going?" I ask.

She laughs. "I've never been busier or worked so hard in my life—and I love it."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm walking around in my stocking feet, balancing a book on my head."

That is our method of teaching the proper way to walk.

"And does the book wobble very much?" I question her.

"Sometimes—but not very often," she answers.

"Well, here's a book. Let's see you do it."

She removes her shoes and goes through the performance. Of course the book *does* wobble a bit and threaten

to drop off, but, on the whole, she is improving. "Not bad at all," I comment, and she smiles her appreciation of the compliment.

Some time ago we were working on an actress who was quite tall but whose steps were those of a small girl. While she had the book on her head and paraded in front of the mirror, she was excellent. But one day I happened to see her on the street—mincing along as though she were eight inches shorter. After that, I had some one follow her around the lot. When she began taking the tiny steps, her "shadow" would slip up and give her a healthy *whack* on the heels with a cane.

I tell the story to Corinne and she laughs. "I'll have to get a periscope so that I'll be able to see if I'm being followed."

"You won't need one as long as you walk properly. Now—what are you doing about those hips and legs?"

She gives me a look that is good-naturedly spiteful. "You've got a monster in female form that you call a masseuse. Between her and a diet and a lot of exercises, I'll be positively sylphlike in another week."

"Keep it up," I encourage her.

"Oh, I'll keep at it faithfully," she promises; "but when am I going to be tested again?"

"You're to report to the make-up department at nine tomorrow morning," I tell her as I send her away.

AL ALTMAN has described in the first two installments of these articles something of the basic principles of screen make-up. In Hollywood, of course, we have greater facilities, our own staff of artists, and therefore we can make more exhaustive experiments. When the artists have finished one make-up of Corinne, we make a "still" picture of her to study the result. Then another make-up and another photograph. The experiments go on endlessly until I am satisfied that we have achieved the best technique.

Meanwhile, Corinne's diction is being given a thorough going over. We believe that in motion pictures we use the best pronunciation and enunciation of the English language. We use neither the broad *a*'s of the theater nor the flat speech of the Midwest. The Southern drawl is avoided, as well as the nasal tones of New England.

A few days after Corinne's first make-up tests I drop into Lillian Burns' bungalow. Standing outside the office door, I can hear Corinne's voice: "Bah-bay-bee-by-bow-boo. Ahb-abe-eeb-ibe-obe-oob."

I enter. "Hello, Corinne. How are you doing?" I ask.

"Fine. Just listen to me. Bah-bay-bee-by-bow-boo. . . ."

I interrupt: "Do you know why you're doing that?"

"Oh, yes. To loosen my jaw. Miss Burns says that the muscles of my mouth and jaw must be completely relaxed before I can speak easily and properly."

"That's right," I encourage her. "Just keep that up and you'll be as good as Myrna Loy after a while."

I like to give youngsters ideals toward which they can strive—people whose performance can well serve as a model. Myrna's ease of speaking, her effortless and completely natural delivery of lines, is the result of hard work, and much of her great attractiveness on the screen is due to her manner of talking.

Corinne will go through the bah-bay-boo-ahb-abe-ibe routine with every vowel and consonant in the alphabet, and will apply the principles she is learning every time she utters a word. When she appears on the screen—if she ever does—the audience will understand what she is saying and will like the way she says it. But they will be unconscious of the diction technique being used. In speech, as in all other phases of acting, the technique which is seen is the technique which is faulty.

One day Corinne comes to see me. "There's something I've been wanting to ask you about, Mr. Grady," she announces.

"All right. Fire away."

"It's about having dates," she says directly and without beating around the subject. "May I, or isn't it allowed?"

Next week Mr. Grady answers Corinne's question, and concludes his story of a young actress' training.

I MARRIED A NAZI

Events move swiftly now in this tense and vivid narrative from life . . . The story of an American girl in Germany

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

BEFORE sailing for Germany in July, 1938, with her husband Eric and their little son Ricky, Carol Traub promises her physician, Dr. Gerhardt, to search for his brother, confined in some concentration camp. Still technically a German, Eric Traub disapproves of this undertaking, as does his beautiful young stepmother, Freda, who is a fiery Nazi, though her husband, Heinrich, is a mild conservative.

With the aid of Kenneth Delane of the American Embassy in Berlin, Carol learns from the widow, Frau Gerhardt, that her husband died under most suspicious circumstances. Carol is shocked. Also, she is constantly horrified at the plight of the Jews in the Reich, and sympathizes with the isolation of the Rappaports, next-door neighbors of the Traubs. Daily Freda defends the Nazi regime, and fairly takes possession of Eric, who proves very susceptible. Finally they confess their love for each other.

Carol senses the situation and feels she must get Eric out of the country. Meanwhile Kenneth Delane is falling in love with her! In the midst of this emotional conflict the Blackshirts suddenly descend upon the Rappaports late one night and take away the son, mysteriously wounded and hidden in the garden. The nurse who attends Heinrich Traub, Fräulein Uberholtz, betrays the boy's hiding place to them. Outraged at this brutality, Carol goes over to the Rappaports' to express her sorrow and indignation. The Jewish father is profoundly grateful. But he feels his life is over, and shoots himself.

Taken into custody as a witness of the suicide, Carol is given a dose of Nazi law, but is eventually released. Even Kenneth Delane advises her to leave Germany. She won't go without Eric, and he is enamored of Freda. The two of them sneak off and keep a secret rendezvous.

PART SEVEN—THE SHADOW OF WAR

FREDA, arriving home before Eric, brought a newspaper whose headlines cried: GERMANY PITS HER WILL FOR PEACE AGAINST PRAGUE'S AND MOSCOW'S DRIVE FOR WAR. And this she used as the text for a speech in which there was no mention of Eric.

She sat on the arm of a chair in Heinrich's room, slim legs crossed, and discussed the danger of war. It was better, after her day on the Wannsee, to concentrate on impersonal matters. The conduct of the Czechs, she declared, was an affront to civilization. But the superhuman efforts of der Führer to maintain peace in Europe, she felt confident, would prevail. No doubt *Reichskanzler* Hitler would insist on peace when he addressed the Nazi Congress scheduled to open tomorrow in Nürnberg.

To all this Carol listened without comment. She had slipped into a white sports dress and looked quite cool and lovely, her coppery hair glowing with the late sunshine that poured into it. She stood near the open window, leaning against the wall and gazing at Freda meditatively.

(Is she being so animated about the war, she mused, in order to avoid talking of Eric?)

Heinrich did not talk of Eric, either. Earlier Freda had spoken casually of her visit to the camp of the B. D. M.—the Bund Deutscher Mädel; now he said from the bed, "Carol, you must go see the camp some day, too. It will interest you to discover how our girls are living."

If there was cynicism in his voice, Freda preferred to ignore it. "Frankly," she replied, "I didn't think Carol would care about seeing Nazi camps, or I'd have suggested that she come along."

The squeal of automobile brakes made Carol turn with a jerk. She heard Ricky, down on the lawn, cry, "Daddy!"

She could not help stiffening as she watched Eric step out of the cab. He greeted Ricky with a hug and lifted him high. He was grinning—the old New York grin. He came up the path, holding Ricky's hand and chatting gaily.

In his very attitude there was reassurance. It was days since he had appeared so genial. All her fears, Carol suddenly felt, had been silly. They made her angry with herself. Ashamed, too. What if he had been away from the factory today? Was that in any way wrong? He would probably explain it all quite simply, if he thought it important enough to explain at all.

With a surge of renewed confidence, she went downstairs to meet him as he entered the door, and she smiled. He had Ricky on his shoulder.

"Hello," he chuckled. "Ricky tells me you had him in the Tiergarten today."

"Yes," she said. "It was lovely."

"He's beginning to know his Berlin," he laughed.

"Eric, I tried to phone you this afternoon."

His grin suddenly faded. "What for?"

"Mother cabled she'd shown the consul all the necessary documents. It's all right about my ancestry."

"Oh. . . . Well, that's good." He sounded relieved. Putting Ricky down, he tossed his hat to a chair. "I suppose they told you I didn't get to the factory today?"

"Ye-es."

"I went to Dresden instead."

She stared at him, and the nerves in her whole body tightened. "Dresden, Eric?"

Quite casually he explained: "Thought I'd save time by going to see Markheim. We had quite a session. Lasted all afternoon. But he won't be ready to do business for ten days."

"Eric!"

He misunderstood her start just as he misinterpreted the distress in her shocked eyes. "Well, I can't rush the man, can I?" he demanded. "He simply refuses to do anything in less than ten days." Then his truculence vanished and he glanced up the stairs. "I'll go say hello to father."

She watched him in silence as he went up the steps. Her face was pale and her heart beat furiously. When he turned away on the upper landing, she went into the living room. She felt as shaken as if he had hit her. For a long time she stood looking at a picture on the wall without seeing it.

During those first few moments there was a strange conflict in her mind. Part of it was anguished and hurt, even riotous, crying out to Eric in pain. But another part became uncannily calm. Almost frozen. It kept warning her, *I must be sane about this. I must act intelligently.*

She could, she realized, tell Eric that she had been informed about Markheim's calls to the factory from Dresden, and so she knew he was lying when he professed to have spent the afternoon with the man. Yes, she could humiliate him and rise triumphant above his disaster. And her triumph would cut another bond between them. It would probably bring unbearable pain to Heinrich, too, if he came to suspect that his son and Freda . . .

No, it wasn't such a triumph she wanted. She had no desire to humiliate Eric, no desire to wound Heinrich. All she wanted was to have Eric back—the old Eric, buoyant and lovable. To achieve that, she was prepared to be blind to what had happened today; to forget it. Why not? It was infinitely more important to rehabilitate Eric than to defeat him; to keep him than to lose him.

But what, she suddenly wondered—and the thought gave her a new jolt of fear—what would happen when

Eric learned at the factory tomorrow that Markheim had twice telephoned? And that she had been informed of the calls?

Would he come to resent her silence as though it were a whip she was holding over him?

She didn't know. Eric, transplanted to Germany, was utterly unpredictable. She could only wait, she told herself, in the hope that she was doing the right thing. And meanwhile she must try to get Eric away as she had planned; away from everything in Berlin—primarily from Freda.

AFTER dinner, however, Carol had no opportunity to broach the matter of a trip, for huge Franz Reiner arrived with his diminutive wife.

Carol, seated on a settee beside little Frau Reiner, tried hard to be gracious, but it was difficult. For one thing, she wished they would leave, so she might speak alone to Eric. For another, ever since the evening Franz had so righteously telephoned *Schutzstaffel* headquarters to report the treason of his friend Felix Jung, she had recoiled from this enormous man. It was only for Eric's sake that she made a pretense of affability toward him.

The Reiners remained until after midnight; but at last they left. At last Carol found herself alone with Eric.

They were in their bedroom when she mentioned the idea of a trip. She anticipated objections—and she was right.

"There's no use asking me to go anywhere now," he said bluntly. "I'm much too busy. If you feel like making a little trip with Ricky, all right. Go ahead. There

Her hand shook when she put down the telephone, and her face was pale. Eric, about to leave for the factory, stood in the door, watching her.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN



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are plenty of nice places not far from Berlin. But as for me, any time I take off now will delay our trip home. So forget it."

Nor could a half hour's pleading sway him. In the end, Carol went to bed with a sense of futility. She lay in the dark, eyes open, and knew that to recreate the old Eric she must wait until they returned to New York. It wouldn't be long now. It couldn't. His permit expired in five weeks. He would have to leave Germany before then if he expected readmittance to the United States. . . . That was her only consolation.

WITH the war fever rising hourly, the pressure on members of the Embassy staff became increasingly severe. Kenneth Delane, coatless and perspiring in the September heat, found no time to go out to lunch. He had a belated sandwich and coffee at his desk. And while he ate he switched on the small radio he had installed on the table behind him. At the moment it was bringing the voice of der Führer from the Nazi Congress at Nürnberg. Between roared *Heils* and *Siegs*, the Chancellor was discussing the unbridgable chasm between religious inspiration and the spirit of National Socialism.

Kenneth sighed and turned the radio off. In silence he munched his sandwich. And, as always when he stopped work, he found his mind turning to Carol Traub. . . . He frowned. He knew now—he had known ever since the morning he had rushed to intercede for her at *Schutzstaffel* headquarters—that he was in love with Carol. It was absurd, he tried to tell himself—absurd and impossible.

Red-haired Philip Harrow came into the office, his hands filled with papers.

"Hear the latest?" he asked.

Kenneth snatched himself out of reverie. As he reached for the coffee he answered, "If it's happened within the past fifteen minutes, no. What now?"

"As I get it, Hitler is sending Konrad Henlein back to refuse all compromises, whether they come from Czechoslovakia or Lord Runciman. It's clear der Führer won't stop now until he has cracked the Czechs wide open and taken the entire Sudetenland. Which may mean that you and I, Kenneth, will find ourselves neutral heroes in the midst of a nice and bloody little European war."

Kenneth muttered impatiently, "It won't come. It can't."

"That's what I used to think, too, when I was young and naïve. But it isn't easy to control a nation after you've got it armed, mobilized, and yelling for blood. This 'trial mobilization' they started last month—do you realize it now gives Germany a million and a half armed men in the field, ready to march?"

"There's an old saying, Phil, that it takes two to make a fight."

"I used to believe in nursery rhymes myself." Philip Harrow

tossed the papers to the desk and went out, and Kenneth turned to his work. His scowl persisted. It was difficult to keep your mind balanced in a world that leered at you insanely. You had to find some way of steadying yourself when you heard people clamoring for peace even as they rushed joyously toward war. Curiously, the threat of war made him think all the more uneasily about Carol. He did not like to contemplate the possibility of her being caught in Berlin if a conflict did come.

And then, to his delight, she telephoned.

She called late that afternoon, her voice tense.

"Kenneth," she said, "could I see you? Tomorrow, perhaps? I need your advice."

He asked quickly, "What's wrong?"

"I—I can't go into it over the phone."

Startled, Kenneth let his glance sweep over the papers on the desk. By noon tomorrow, he felt certain, he would be able to get away for an hour or two. "Make it lunch," he suggested. "Can you?"

"Of course. Thanks, Kenneth. I realize how busy you must be these days, but I—"

"Never apologize for giving me a break." He grinned. "Tomorrow at one, then." And when he put down the telephone he felt better than he had felt in days. But he was queerly worried about her, too. . . .

THEY went to a small café just off the Tiergartenstrasse, where the waiters bowed to Kenneth as to an old patron.

Kenneth led her to a corner where they could have privacy. Despite the strain in her features, she was lovely, he thought. Now that he had frankly acknowledged to himself that he loved her, he found it at once gratifying and yet painful to analyze some of the things he admired: her clear brown eyes, her smooth face, the ease of her bearing, the American smartness of the way she wore her clothes. . . . He felt inordinately proud of her; and hopeless, too.

As soon as the waiter departed with their order, Carol plunged to the thing that harassed her.

"Kenneth," she whispered, "can Eric get an extension of his three-months permit to remain in Germany?"

"Why—" He was disconcerted. "Why, I didn't think you wanted—"

"I don't want it done!" she said desperately. "I want it to be refused. Over breakfast yesterday Freda asked Eric what he expected to do if he couldn't sell the factory at satisfactory terms within three months. That was when he spoke of trying to get an extension. And, Kenneth, I don't want him to have it! I want to get him home. I've got to get him home!"

The intensity with which she spoke held him silent, searching her eyes.

"Kenneth, you're the only one here I can talk to frankly," she drove on.

"You've seen what Nazism has done to Eric. I'm sure you—you've seen the change in him."

"Ye-es." He frowned at the table.

"Felix Jung was right that night. It—it is a sort of poison that's getting into his blood. I must get him home before it's too late!"

Kenneth said slowly, "I hardly think you need worry, Carol. He isn't likely to get an extension at a time like this."

"Because of the crisis?"

He nodded. "With war hanging over us, I doubt if such extensions will be granted. As a matter of fact, the Department of State will probably urge all Americans to leave Germany for their own safety. There's been talk about it."

It was a straw at which to clutch, and she seized it; but without much hope. While the waiter served them, they were silent. Carol lowered her head. It was impossible to explain to Kenneth or to any one else with what agony and frustration she had heard Eric speak of extending his stay. Now that she had resigned herself to waiting an inevitable five weeks, the sudden possibility of having that time increased indefinitely had left her shattered.

HE could see it in her face. When the waiter left, he reached across the table to catch her hand.

"You're pretty sick of it, aren't you?"

"I—I'm beginning to feel as if I've lived for months in a nightmare!"

"Then why don't you *insist* on Eric's going home with you? After all, it's your life as much as his."

"You don't know Eric." (I don't know him myself any more, she thought bitterly.)

"Aside from everything else," Kenneth argued, "you ought to point out to him the danger of keeping you and Ricky here at a time like this."

"I tried it last night, after listening to a day of speeches from Nürnberg. Eric thinks the idea of war is fantastic. He simply laughs at it."

"He must have inside information," Kenneth muttered dryly, "that has been denied to ambassadors."

"Well, he agrees with Freda that no nation would dare fight Germany today. They'll all back down, he says. And so he sees no reason for running away."

"To a certain point, I imagine he may be right," Kenneth granted. "But—"

He checked himself and looked in annoyance over his shoulder. Somebody had switched on the café radio. Nürnberg again. Nürnberg followed you everywhere. Nürnberg kept pounding at your ears out of nine million loud-speakers. . . . This time it was Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels.

"Oh, let's finish and get out of here," Carol groaned. "I'm fed up with Nazi *Weltanschauung*!"

At that he smiled ironically. "Think they'd let us walk out while Dr. Goebbels is speaking? . . . The height of impropriety, Carol. There



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are three people you don't treat like that—Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels."

They tried hard to talk, but Dr. Goebbels' ringing voice—perhaps the most beautiful in Germany—made conversation impossible. Soon the minister began a scathing attack on the former ambassador from the United States, Dr. William E. Dodd. Kenneth's face paled as he listened, and his lips became grim. But there was nothing he could do.

When at last Goebbels passed on to a denunciation of President Benes, Kenneth shook his head.

"We Americans will never understand it," he muttered. "They use all sorts of savage vituperation in speaking of foreign diplomats. But should a foreign diplomat dare to utter a single word of criticism against a German official, there's hell to pay. . . . I have an idea Dr. Dodd felt pretty much as you do, Carol, before he went home. Fed up." He hesitated. "And I know another in the same boat. Name of K. Delane."

At last Dr. Goebbels finished, his speech climaxed by thunderous *Heils*. They got out of the café, and Kenneth led her into the Tiergarten, where, he said, they could breathe in comfort.

"Don't let Eric's idea of getting an extension worry you," he pleaded as they walked under trees. "I can't do anything about it officially, but the consul is one of my closest friends. . . . I'll talk to him." He drew a deep breath. "Now let's forget Germany and speak about you."

She tried to match his brightening mood, but her tones sounded weary. "There isn't much to say about me, Kenneth, except that I keep wishing this were Central Park, U. S. A."

"As for me"—he took her arm companionably in his—"I keep wishing I could find more opportunities to walk with you even in the Tiergarten, Germany."

She turned startled eyes to him.

"And for the next few minutes," he announced, "I'm going to try to tell you—discreetly, of course, and with all due restraint—that you're the loveliest person I've ever seen in this Tiergarten. Or anywhere else, for that matter. If this be treason to Eric, let's make the most of it, shall we?" He smiled at her. "Do you mind my telling you you're lovely?"

SHE could not restrain a laugh. Something strange happened to her—something she hadn't experienced in years. Her cheeks felt warm, and the warmth seemed presently to pervade her whole body.

"Kenneth," she declared, trying to be gay, "that's the most effective speech I've heard in Germany—and I've listened to Hitler, Goebbels, and Göring."

But Carol's smile slowly faded. She felt a little awed; a little shaken, too. It came to her, suddenly, that there had been moments in the past few days when she had yearned to talk to Kenneth Delane; when it had seemed to her that nobody else in all Berlin could understand the

things she wanted so desperately to say.

"The trouble with being a diplomat," he sighed after a long time, "is that I'm never sure whether I've said too much or not quite enough."

"I—I think you've done very nicely, Kenneth."

"No need to kick myself when I return to the office?"

"None at all. In fact, I—rather liked it." She gave him a quick frank smile. "And I think that now you ought to put me in a cab and let me go back to Grünewald."

GERMANY," Adolf Hitler cried from a rain-beaten platform at Nürnberg, "is determined to capitulate to no one!"

He had been asked by France and England to accept a compromise with Czechoslovakia, to allow the Czechs time in which to settle their internal problems; and this was his reply: he would not capitulate.

Carol heard the decision with dread as she sat beside Heinrich Traub and listened with him to his radio. They did not speak. They could not, for Fräulein Uberholtz, in immaculate white, stood behind them, a great Valkyrie, her eyes bright and proud as she heard the defiant voice of der Führer.

The Nazi Congress, its military splendor drenched by rain, was almost finished. But it could not end before Field Marshal Göring hurled a last passionate tirade across the Reich—a shouted speech that lasted more than two hours, leaving him hoarse and in utter collapse, so that after it physicians had to rush him away from Nürnberg's excitement.

"We want peace, but Versailles took peace out of the world!" Göring cried. . . . "Our air force justifies unshakable confidence in victory, and our fortifications in the west will halt any Power under the sun! . . . If I take men from their homes and families, it is for their own and their children's good."

It was all terrifying to Carol, sitting in the silent Grünewald bedroom, with Ricky playing at her feet. It was fantastic. One felt that in a few hours Russian planes would drone across Berlin, their bombs thundering in the streets. . . .

Yet Eric, when he came home that evening, continued to deride the imminence of war. What other nation would dare fight? he still demanded. Russia? Nonsense. Not without France and England. And those two Powers were far too terrified of Germany's might to risk a war. Nor was Eric's optimism affected by the obvious fear of the people he saw in cafés, on the streets, everywhere in Berlin. Der Führer, he was sublimely positive, would preserve peace.

Carol, staring at him in wonder as he talked, found him more baffling than ever. The feeling caused a definite ache in her throat. Never before had he seemed so completely a stranger. They no longer had any intellectual contacts at all, she realized.

He avoided all discussion, not even mentioning again his day at Dresden. Surely he must have been told of Herr Markheim's telephone calls. He must have discovered that Carol was aware of his deceit. And yet he said nothing about it. He spoke of Czech outrages, of Hitler, of Nürnberg, but of Dresden never a word.

She could not understand it. She felt bewildered. She began eventually to doubt the wisdom of her own silence about the Dresden incident.

But another shock made her forget Dresden. Kenneth telephoned early one morning to report: "Carol, I've got pretty tough news. Eric won't be permitted to leave Germany now."

At the outset she couldn't quite grasp it. She stared at the telephone incredulously, as if it had brought inconceivable words. Kenneth explained:

"The government's just issued a new decree. No German citizen under the age of sixty-five will be allowed to leave the Reich. The country needs its man power in the event of war."

Carol gasped. "But a man whose home is in America! Who has an American family! Who—"

"That has nothing to do with it, I'm afraid. Eric is German."

It took her several seconds to recover from that. Then she whispered in mounting panic, "Kenneth, what on earth are we going to do?"

"There's nothing much we can do," he said. "If this war scare blows over, the decree will be revoked, of course. Meanwhile Eric's to stay. . . . But you, Carol," he added earnestly, "I still think you ought to take Ricky and leave at once."

"I can't," she said wretchedly. "Oh, Kenneth, I can't!"

Her hand shook when she put down the telephone, and her face was pale. Eric, about to leave for the factory, stood in the door of the living room, watching her curiously.

"What's wrong?"

She told him about Kenneth's news in a voice that quivered with anxiety. Yet Eric appeared in no way surprised; not even disturbed. He merely shrugged.

"It was to be expected," he said dryly. "There's nothing tragic about it. Nothing to be worried about. There won't be a war." He even laughed. "By this time the world knows Germany's determined to protect the Sudetens at any cost. They won't try to stop Hitler."

It was hard to be calm after that. It was maddening to hope for a day when Eric would leave Germany, not knowing if the day would come in weeks or months or years. . . . Carol did her utmost to maintain some clarity of thought. There were innumerable frightened cables from Cleveland, and she answered them all reassuringly. But it was impossible to avoid forever a sense of horror and confusion while the press and the radio grew hysterical, throwing new and even higher walls between her and Eric.

The newspapers in particular were violent. SAVAGE HORSEWHIPPING OF SUDETEN DEPUTY BY BESTIAL CZECH OFFICER; that was the story of a blow from a riding crop at Moravská Ostrava. It left Eric outraged. Other papers—and he brought home dozens of them—not only reported Czech atrocities but announced: "ARM THE MASSES," MOSCOW'S ADVICE TO PRAGUE; and PRAGUE'S MOBILIZATION—THE WAY TO CHAOS!

Those were days when climax followed climax like the crashes of Wagnerian cymbals in an orchestra already playing fortissimo. First came the stupefying news that Prime Minister Chamberlain of England was flying to Berchtesgaden to confer with Hitler. It was unbelievable. It was epochal and glorious. Eric threw back his great yellow head and exulted:

"What did I tell you? They're scared! Scared and begging now! England coming on its knees, crying for mercy! . . . Well, the English lion has roared long enough. Now it's our chance!"

He became even more jubilant, as did Freda and all young Germany, when the British Prime Minister returned for a second visit, this time to Godesberg. HITLER AND CHAMBERLAIN FOR PEACE; ONLY PRAGUE WANTS

IF DRY SCALP WINS



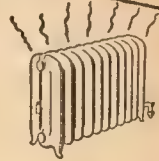
GOODBYE HANDSOME HAIR!

THOUSANDS of men now know that Dry Scalp *needn't* go unchecked . . . that they can have the good-looking hair that helps so much in their business and social chances . . . through the sensible, regular use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Guard against Dry Scalp as they do! Keep your hair at its best by regularly *supplementing* your scalp's own oils. Simply do these two things: Use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic each morning as you comb your hair. And before every shampoo, massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different. It contains no ingredients which might dry out your scalp . . . requires no dousing . . . a few drops do the trick. Get some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic at the nearest drug store today. It comes in handy shaker top bottles.

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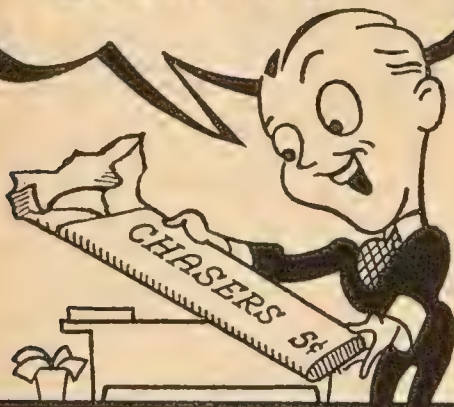
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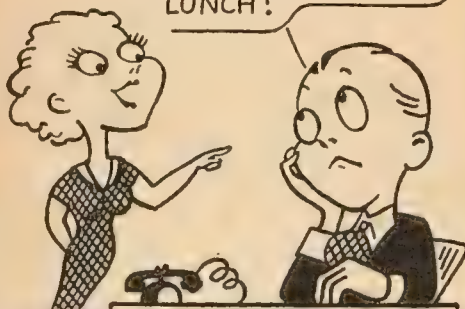
Copr. 1939, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

YOU'RE JUST LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK!



BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU

HE WOULD! THE ONE DAY
I HAVE A COCKTAIL FOR
LUNCH!



WHAT WILL I DO? THAT GUY CAN
SMELL A DRINK A BLOCK AWAY

I HAVE SOME CHASERS
IN MY DESK—WHAT HE
DOESN'T KNOW WON'T
HURT YOU



I AM GIVING YOU THIS RAISE IN
RECOGNITION OF YOUR HONESTY,
INDUSTRY AND SOBRIETY



CHASERS

kill alcohol breath—
tobacco and onions, too
Package of 5 tablets—5c

WAR, blared the newspapers. . . .

Through it all Carol lived in a daze. She saw the joy Freda and Eric shared, and it set up a higher barrier than ever between her and them. To join them in their triumph and wild patriotism was impossible. She herself was appalled by all that was happening, and she felt excluded and alone, obsessed by the terrible conviction that emotionally Eric now belonged to Germany and Freda much more than to her. And she could do nothing about it. How *could* she snatch him out of the torrent of world events that was sweeping him away?

What was happening in other lands she could not guess. Kenneth might have told her, but she didn't see Kenneth now. Like every other Embassy attaché, he was at his desk eighteen hours a day, not daring to leave. If you judged by the newspapers, Hitler was leading the entire world in a titanic struggle to maintain peace, to prevent Russia and a demented Czechoslovakia from plunging the continent into a cataclysm. Der Führer had given the Czechs until October 1 to yield the Sudetenland; for nothing short of outright and immediate surrender, he maintained, could now guarantee peace.

On Sunday, the 25th of September, the radio announced, der Führer intended once and for all to apprise the world of Germany's unalterable stand. He would deliver a historic speech from Berlin's Sportpalast. Dr. Goebbels himself notified the nation of the forthcoming address.

"It will reach every city and hamlet in the Reich," the minister declared. "To all those possessing receiving sets it will be available. Those who do not have this advantage are instructed to forgather around public loud-speakers under the direction of local party and group leaders. No man, woman, or child in the Reich must fail to be a hearer or a witness of this historic proceeding."

AND that same evening Freda came home with a triumph of her own. Flushed, eyes glowing, she exhibited two tickets to the Sportpalast for the Hitler speech.

"They're the hardest tickets in the world to get," she assured Heinrich and Carol, her voice singing gaily. "I got these through Franz Reiner." She turned to Carol. "Eric wanted so much to hear der Führer! He'll be thrilled! It will be perhaps the most important speech Hitler has ever made."

Carol mechanically nodded. As long as they remained in Germany, she felt, Eric was beyond reclamation. Let him go with Freda Sunday night. Nothing that happened at the Sportpalast could make much difference now. She had fought for him against Nazidom, and she had lost. Her own victory must wait. . . .

And while she waited a strange thing happened. It happened on Saturday. Both Freda and Eric were away at the time; Freda at her hairdresser's and Eric at the factory. Just

before noon the telephone rang. Fräulein Uberholtz, on her way to get Heinrich's lunch, answered the call in the living room.

A woman's voice spoke uneasily: "May I speak to Frau Traub, *bitte*? Frau Carol Traub?"

"Who's calling?" asked the nurse.

"A—friend of hers."

Fräulein Uberholtz didn't like the evasive reply. It made her frown. Nevertheless she went to the foot of the stairs to summon Frau Traub. And Carol took the call on the extension at Heinrich's bedside.

"Yes?" she said. "Allo?"

The anxious voice asked, "Frau Carol Traub?"

"Yes. Speaking. Who's this?"

"Ah. . . ." There was a faint note of relief. "This is Frau Gerhardt. I have just arrived in Berlin. I am telephoning from the station. Are you in a position to speak to me?"

WITH a start, Carol glanced wide-eyed at Heinrich. Then, in surprise she could not quell, she replied, "Certainly." There had been something quick and guarded in Frau Gerhardt's tones that warned her to say as little as possible. "Has anything—happened?"

"No. I—I have come to Berlin with the hope of seeing you today. If you could spare me a little time, only a few minutes—"

"Of course," Carol assured her.

"In the Tiergarten, perhaps? I think we could be alone there."

Such secrecy sounded alarming, and Carol had an impulse to recoil. Yet, when she visualized Frau Gerhardt's gentle face and white hair, fear seemed a little absurd.

"Wherever you say," she agreed. A few days ago she would have hesitated to do anything which might displease Eric. Now she knew it no longer mattered what she did. Eric never troubled to inquire.

The nervous woman continued, "We can walk a little and talk. I shall be at the entrance near the Pariser Platz whenever convenient for you."

"In an hour?"

"Perfect. And thank you, Frau Traub—oh, thank you! You cannot realize how much I appreciate this."

When Carol put down the telephone, she felt bewildered. Heinrich, seated in his chair, watched her with quiet curiosity. She looked at him a moment, then sat down impulsively to tell him about Frau Gerhardt.

Heinrich's reaction to the news was frightening. Before he ventured a word about Frau Gerhardt, he gazed speculatively at the door.

"I hope," he whispered, "Fräulein Uberholtz didn't consider it her duty, as a loyal subject of der Führer, to listen in to your conversation. . . ."

If the Nazi nurse has listened in, will she report Carol's date to the Blackshirts? Is this to lead to the final showdown between Carol and Germany—between herself and Eric? Tremendous issues are at stake in next week's Liberty. Order it now!



A 1935 Liberty topic lives again as the theme of a history-making exposition

BY RAY CUMMINGS

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

IN one basic respect the New York World's Fair 1939 is unique. Other fairs have reviewed the past and catalogued and displayed the present. The New York World's Fair does all that, and in addition it faces the future. It is a prophecy. It will say to you:

"This is what our man-made world was yesterday. Here it is today. But don't stop with that. Look ahead. Here is also the sort of world that is coming. The world your children will live in. That's important. Take a look at your children's world—the world of tomorrow."

Building the World of Tomorrow is the theme upon which the whole vast structure of the Fair is based. And it is presented so tangibly that even the youngest child cannot fail to understand it. Your first visit may perhaps be at night. Down the symbolic riot of color of Rainbow Avenue you will see what apparently is a gigantic soap bubble floating on a lagoon—an opaque, smoke-filled bubble, seemingly poised on shimmering sprays of water. It's big enough to hold an eighteen-story building quite comfortably. And presently you are within it, gazing seemingly from a vast height down upon the World of Tomorrow.

Actually, this is the largest cyclorama on earth. But you won't think of that. The huge concave inner surface of the giant perisphere will be gone into an infinity of distance. You will be, actually, on a circular strip of moving balcony. But you'll feel poised in mid-air, gazing up into an infinitude of starry sky, and out at a distant spreading landscape, and down from two miles of height upon the sort of city in which your children will live. A City of Tomorrow—a tremendous scale model of actual buildings and streets, gardens and suburbs.

Here is the prophecy and the theme of the Fair made

into a reality. It isn't a fantastic dream city of some fabulous future. It's a city that could be built today, using only materials and devices now available.

The City of Tomorrow in the huge Perisphere, with the slender spire of the Trylon rising like the beacon of a new age beside it, is the Fair's own summation of its theme. And the inspiration of it permeates the exhibits of every nation, from the greatest to the smallest. Under this banner emblazoned with a prophecy of the better world toward which we are heading, each of the nations is challenged to say:

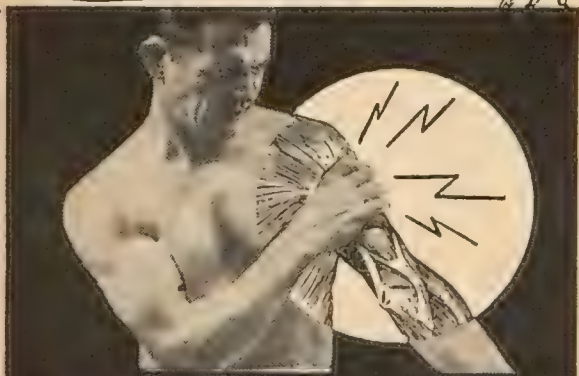
"Well, I have come here to show you people of America what I have been; and here is what I am now. And, also, this is what I am striving to be. Look it over and you will see that I am doing my part toward building our World of Tomorrow."

It is a challenge to the nations which no other Fair ever has made. And there is another, enormous difference between this and all other international fairs. Each of those others, with a conclave of nations, has proclaimed that it was a step toward "world peace," "amity among nations," "a better understanding." Those phrases are platitudes. Of actuality the nations in conclave might be striving to outdo each other with bids for the tourist trade; showing their own greatness with secret jealousy that their neighbor also was great. Each a separate entity, with nothing to bind them together save that they are all on the same earth.

What a difference here at the World's Fair 1939! Building the World of Tomorrow—not each nation building itself. The inspiration of that phrase is amazing. It breathes with a unity of purpose. Completely it is constructive. A mutual effort toward an attainment which all of us mutually will enjoy.

I asked M. Maurice Garreau-Dombasle, deputy commissioner general for France's participation at the New York World's Fair 1939, what he would like to say to Liberty's readers concerning his nation's achievements in building our future world. The future, of course, is

GET THIS, PAL!



**Poisonous FATIGUE ACIDS
make Muscles ACHE!**

For Quick Relief:

—Flush them out!

NO NEED TO CRINGE with sharp muscle pains—there's a smart way to flush out poisonous fatigue acids that are giving you trouble. When you overdo, they make muscles swell and ache. Put Absorbine Jr. to work! Accepted laboratory tests proved it speeds the blood through the muscles to flush away the acids. Does a *quick* job of easing sore, stiff muscles. Splash it on after exercise and 2 or 3 times a day. At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle.

Free sample, address: W. F. Young, Inc., 360 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for Athlete's Foot—Sprains—Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

GUARANTEED: Buy with confidence anything advertised in Liberty.

**Delicious
MACARONI-
AND-CHEESE**



predicated upon the present; and the present has been evolved from the past. M. Garreau-Dombasle spoke of the future wonders of photography, ramified now to be so obviously a big factor in the world of our children—and he mentioned Daguerre. Then he spoke of Pasteur, and of M. and Mme. Curie, and of a roster of others from the past to the present and speeding now into the future. France's contribution. Her pavilion at the Fair, of course, will be crowded with it.

Then he told me of the Michelins—that new type of railway car of which France is justly proud. One of them has been sent over from France so that you may see it when you visit the Fair. They call it the Autorail Michelin. In effect, it is a tremendous pneumatic-tired automobile, a hundred feet long, with a twelve-cylinder Panhard engine that drives it eighty-five miles an hour on a standard railroad track. Autorail Michelins, to make the so often empty railroad tracks more like a crowded high-speed thoroughfare. A hundred and twenty of these giant automobiles are now actually in service. A new type of transportation for the World of Tomorrow.

And again I asked M. Garreau-Dombasle what specifically he would like to say to Liberty's readers. This genial Frenchman twinkled.

"You may say that a large part of the French pavilion will be devoted to good food and good wine, because we believe in that respect the World of Tomorrow will be like the World of Yesterday."

It would seem that the French pavilion will be very popular this summer.

Surely the World of Tomorrow will have a place for leisure, for diversion, for romance—for pleasures of the body, the mind, and the spirit. More, doubtless, than we have today.

The British think so. The huge pavilion which represents an Empire that encircles the globe is an outstanding feature of the Foreign Zone. Within it you will be carried back to the momentous achievements of Harvey, Newton, and Watt; to Jenner, Davy, Lister, and William Crookes; and on through another great roster of more recent builders who will sweep British achievement into the future. But you will find also that the pavilion features an old English garden. Overhanging an entire length of it is an awninged terrace where tea will be served. As far forward into the World of Tomorrow as the British Empire endures, tea will be served. You may be sure of that.

ITALY'S pavilion perhaps is more mechanized. With the Italian belief that hydroelectric power will be so immense a factor in tomorrow's world, Italy's pavilion makes an impressive display of water and electricity. And within it is a section devoted exclusively to Marconi. His workshop is reproduced, with all its working paraphernalia—his progress from its beginning to the present

world-wide use of radio; and his building for the future of the scientific world. But Italy also stresses the arts, from the glories of Rome and Venice to the art and architecture which is to come.

Everywhere throughout the exposition grounds, modernistic art and architecture confront you. There are homes of tomorrow, full-size, of four to ten rooms, that you can inspect, having every supermodern device for the housewife of tomorrow.

Murals of advanced design are on every side. One of the most impressive, perhaps, is on the building which houses the exhibit of Macfadden Publications—Liberty and its companion magazines.

THIS is the handsome Hall of Communications, standing at the gateway to the Fair, covering over an acre of ground. The exhibit of Macfadden Publications, which is housed in one of the huge wings, combines restful atmosphere with a striking pictorial display of world events portrayed in murals.

The high light of the exhibit is an amusing and exclusive motion picture, I'll Tell the World, especially produced by Macfadden Publications, and presented in a handsome air-conditioned theater whose architecture is in keeping with the World of Tomorrow theme. The photoplay was suggested by George Sokolsky's Liberty articles, The American Way of Life, and in its adaptation by Herbert Crooker it tells a human running story filled with humor and love interest, and showing how the doubting Joseph Burton eventually saved his button business from going on the rocks by casting aside his old-fashioned ideas and adapting modern American business methods. Critics in Hollywood and New York have given high praise to the film, stating that it is something decidedly "new" in entertainment.

An exceptional cast of Hollywood stars and feature players are presented in the picture. Included are Jed Prouty, famous as the father in Jones Family pictures; Frank Albertson, of the Broadway stage and Hollywood screen; the Mauch Twins (Billy and Bobby), of the screen and radio; Betty Ross Clarke, and Patricia Murray, of stage and radio, known as the "Liberty Girl" of the World's Fair. Miss Murray is scheduled to make personal appearances in connection with the picture.

The portion of the exhibit surrounding the theater is gala with colorful lights, mechanical murals, and what is said to be the largest illuminated photomural in the world, dramatizing the eleven Macfadden magazines and their relation to world and national events and their contribution to the American public. An unusual mechanical mural portrays the national activities of Bernarr Macfadden, dramatizing his great interest in his boys' schools, charitable institutions, health resorts, and so on. In these surroundings the visitors

may enjoy the displays which are in keeping with this World of Tomorrow.

The future is spread everywhere, mingled with the present and the past. And there is an Earth-Mars Rocket Gun, which by an adroit combination of movement, light, and sound will show you a rocket-boat, with passengers taking off on a voyage to Mars, or on local voyages in our stratosphere.

In our future world, of course, religion will march forward, hand in hand with science, to the building of the new civilization. At the Fair you will find a Temple of Religion which is common to all faiths, built upon unconsecrated ground. A place for every one for contemplation and prayer, within the quiet edifice itself or within the enclosing walls of its cloistered garden.

And there is, of course, the huge Amusement Zone. A 10,000-seat Fountain Lake Amphitheater, with a stage on an island and a curtain which is jets of rising water, presents a musical extravaganza with a cast of a thousand. And in the Amusement Zone proper you will see foreign villages; an American scene of the Gay Nineties—old New York where Steve Brodie jumps from a replica of the Brooklyn Bridge. Games, rides—as modernistic as the amusement designers can make them. And for your children, a veritable child's World of Tomorrow, with every device for their care and amusement.

America, of course, with the individual exhibits of most of its states, occupies a large part of the exposition. The development of the vast rubber industry, and the importance of rubber in building the world of today is shown; and what we may expect of it in the world to come clearly is indicated.

And the romance of steel. One of the most unusual buildings ever constructed on earth—a great dome of polished stainless steel—houses the exhibit of the United States Steel Corporation.

And you will see motoring of the future—Highways and Horizons, the impressive exhibit of General Motors. Again you will be vividly transported into the future as you watch its amazing motor traffic in operation.

Every nation is interested in its railroads. England's crack train, the Coronation Scot, is here at the Fair; an Italian Diesel locomotive and train are here; and others from the Soviet Union and even far-off Australia.

From the tremendous exhibits of America, down through the list to the very smallest nation participating, every detail seems a signpost pointing into the future.

To Liberty's readers this gazing forward to envisage the World of Tomorrow is nothing new. Many of you will recall, doubtless, the series of little articles which I wrote for Liberty under that title. They began nearly four years ago—in July, 1935. And there were some sixteen of them, with millions of Liberty readers; so that when the New York World's Fair 1939 adopted its theme, there was a fertile soil among you. I asked Grover Whalen, president of the New York World's Fair 1939 Corporation, what he would care to say to Liberty's readers in this connection.

"It was indeed prophetic of Liberty to run a series of articles on the World of Tomorrow in the summer of 1935," he responded. "When the New York World's Fair 1939 adopted as its theme Building the World of Tomorrow, we were looking forward, just as Liberty has been looking forward for years. Our theme has struck a responsive chord throughout the world. The thoughts and hopes of men and women everywhere point toward the World of Tomorrow. I am sure that Liberty, as one of the leading molders of public opinion, is doing a great service to humanity by helping to promote a better World of Tomorrow."

To us—to every one—the prophecy of the Fair is indeed an inspiration. And also it is a challenge—to you, to me, to us all. A challenge because the world of the future is not to be built solely by what one would term the achievements of the illustrious great. It cannot fail to make us realize that as from day to day we go about the routine of our tasks, we are all building our children's world—the World of Tomorrow.

Let's do the job well!

THE END



SHE WAS ON THE JURY—

... not to decide a man's innocence or guilt, but to judge a new, different kind of tooth paste—to decide whether or not it was an improvement over older types, and if it offered more for her money in cleanliness, luster, freshness, and mouth stimulation.

On the same jury sat other women, hundreds of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, single women, young girls... rich, poor, in between... in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast cities. A critical jury, as all women are in judging articles that affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

And what was their verdict on the new Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam detergent? See how they voted:

Over a leading brand, the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two leading brands, it was a decided favorite. And over the fourth leading brand, it had a slight but definite edge.

Their comments show why this

new dentifrice won such high favor: "Like that dainty 'bubble bath' that Luster-Foam gives," said many. "Simply amazed, the way Luster-Foam cleans and brings out luster," exclaimed others. "Delighted with the wonderful feeling of freshness and mouth invigoration that lasted long after the tooth brushing was over," still others added.

See for yourself how the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent gets teeth super-clean. Any drug counter has it, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢; and big, double-size, containing more than 1/4 of a pound of dentifrice, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

P. S. If you prefer powder, Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam.

MORE THAN
1/4 POUND OF TOOTHPASTE
IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE **40¢**
REGULAR SIZE TUBE
25¢

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

THE modest violet is staging a sensational return to fashion among amateur gardeners. You can grow yellow, purple, pink, blue, white, or violet violets. . . . Mint beds are now almost as popular for decorating garden shade spots as for frosty glasses. . . . Rosemary is in favor again because of its sentimental superstition. They say if you wear a sprig of rosemary your love will never leave you. . . .

I am handing along these timely seeds of information, as told me the other day by Richardson Wright, well known authority on home gardens. To begin with, I like his philosophy of the subject. He says, "Home gardening makes good neighbors; therefore home gardening is the most democratic of hobbies."

Here are some tips from him:

When you plan a new garden, sit and imagine it from the windows through which it eventually will be seen. Develop it gradually, during several years, instead of trying to complete it quickly. Experiment first with annuals. If you are young, with a long life ahead, put in small shrubs and flowering trees. Let them keep you company while you grow older.

Author and editor of many works on gardening, Richardson Wright is a devoted gardener himself, a good neighbor, too. Lily Pons lives next door and takes gardening lessons from him. Every morning he presents her with a new-laid egg, which has nothing to do with gardening but greatly benefits her operatic voice, so she declares.

★ Gambling can reveal strange feminine quirks. Winners pretend to lose; losers pretend to win. . . . One of our brightest young business women amuses herself at horse races. Is proud of her luck. Recently took her kid sister with her to Florida. Promised

the kid a trip to Havana if a certain race came out right. It came out wrong. Yet Big Sister kept her bet a secret; pretended she'd won; and gave Kid Sister a lavish time in Havana on her pretended winnings. Meanwhile Kid Sister had played another horse in the same race, and had won more than enough to pay her own way. But she pretended she'd lost, so as not to upset Big Sister's pride.

★ Some of our modern dietary magic isn't as young as it seems. Take, for instance, our quite new-found faith in spinach and parsley. . . . It may surprise you to know that records of parsley and spinach as wonder-working weeds hark back to ancient times. In the old days when every one believed in witchcraft, parsley was said to be an ingredient that no witch's caldron of enchanted brew could do without. . . . Dr. Benjamin Gayelord Hauser, famous diet man of today, tells me spinach was known four hundred years ago,

in England, as *Broom of the Stomach*. Dr. Hauser says Thomas Jefferson started growing spinach in this country in 1811. Does that make Popeye a New Dealer?

★ Actors, lecturers, college professors, members of Congress, and other star performers now charge that women who sit and listen and knit are driving them knitwit. . . . At one coed university the click of knitting needles was said to have drowned out all teachers' voices. At Washington, women in the visitors' galleries have been asked not to knit during important debates. I can't help suspecting that women who knit so conspicuously are inhibited show-offs.

★ Often a substantial dessert is needed to satisfy hearty appetites in Lent. After a meatless meal try these *Sweet Vienna Omelets*: . . . Sift 2 cups flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder and a pinch of salt. Make a well in the flour and put 3 egg yolks in it. Add 1 cup rich milk; beat with a fork; let stand 15 minutes. Now put in the 3 egg whites, whipped stiff with 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Drop spoonfuls of the mixture into a hot buttered frying pan, so that they form individual omelets about the size of small pancakes. Brown lightly on both sides. When done, spread with warm apricot jam and dust with powdered sugar. Serve smoking hot.

★ At a party I met a solidified sort of man, hard to talk to. He behaved like a clam until, in desperation, I gabbled about the weather—our wild March weather. Whereupon he came suddenly out of his shell and startled me with the following reminiscence:

"First time I ever saw my wife," he said; "she was being blown across the street on a windy day. She liked it. Didn't hump or huddle or snatch at her clothes. Walked smack into it with her head up straight and her skirt blowing high. That was the girl for me! I found out who she was; got acquainted; married her. Best job I ever did." . . . Perhaps the weather isn't as lame a topic of conversation as most of us consider it to be.

★ If you're planning ahead for summer, I recommend Horace Coon's very helpful new book, *100 Vacations Costing from \$50 to \$500*. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)



"Tsk! Tsk! There's just no accounting for our government's taste!"

THIS IS COVERED-WAGON YEAR

And now comes Mr. Cagney, caught in the whirl of Hollywood's Western epidemic as a vengeful outlaw with a heart of gold

BY BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ★ ½ THE OKLAHOMA KID

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane, Donald Crisp, Harvey Stephens, Hugh Sothorn, Charles Middleton, Edward Pawley, Ward Bond, Lew Harvey, Trevor Bardette, John Miljan, Arthur Aylesworth, Irving Bacon, Joe Devlin, Wade Boteler. Screen play by Warren Duff, Robert Buckner, and Edward W. Paramore from a story by Mr. Paramore and Wally Klein. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 80 minutes.

JAMES FRANCIS CAGNEY deserts the dirty back alleys of modern "civilization" for the fertile rolling country of Oklahoma. As the Oklahoma Kid, he rides alone, a notorious outlaw, quick on the trigger but with a heart of gold. Just witness him rocking a half-breed's baby to sleep, the while singing Rock-a-bye, Baby in Mexican Spanish, if you doubt his innate sweetness.

But he's a tough hard guy for all that. When the bad lad who runs the gambling hell of pioneer Tulsa frames his honest father into being hanged by an over-hasty mob of gullible frontiersmen, the Kid starts out to get the crime czar and his pals, one by one. It's really a pictorial saga of revenge.

While the Kid seems tangily modern in flavoring, Cagney is too good an actor not to hold your interest throughout.

His is no drugstore cowboy. Cagney gives him gusto, flavor, and a nice feeling for crime neatly executed. If you're accustomed to brawny guitar-strumming movie cowboys, this range rider with the poolroom pallor will disconcert you at first. But he'll get you. After all, Oklahoma Kids probably were just like this.

Humphrey Bogart's vice king is in the modern manner too, while Rosemary Lane's sweet little belle of Tulsa is a trifle pallid.

Best of the supporting cast is veteran Donald Crisp as a stalwart border judge.

There is a great Cagney-Bogart fight that pretty well wrecks a whole building, but the big moment is the land rush, when the Cherokee strip is opened to pioneers.

Hollywood has gone Western with a vengeance. This is covered-wagon

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR



James Cagney and Rosemary Lane in the wild and woolly western *The Oklahoma Kid*.

year out in the land of supervisors, scissors, and sirens.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Cherokee land rush was staged on September 16, 1893. Two players of *The Oklahoma Kid* actually participated. One, now fifty-seven, is Hugh Sothorn, who plays the Kid's dad. He was a child of eleven at the time, grew up to become an actor and then a successful broker, was caught in '29, turned back to acting. . . . The other rush veteran is Al Jennings, reformed train and bank robber, now seventy-five. Al rode with the 10,000 land-hungry that mad autumn day. Later he went to jail, was pardoned by Teddy Roosevelt, was almost elected governor of Oklahoma in 1914. . . . The land rush was staged at Tarantula Flat in the Lasky Mesa, in the San Fernando Valley, twenty-five miles from Hollywood. Two hundred extras worried about the tarantulas; drove everything, from buckboards and sulkies to prairie schooners. . . . Boy, what a fight! Main event: Kid Cagney vs. Big Boy Bogart. It took days to film in a 100-by-60-foot barroom, and Jimmy had three breakaway chairs smashed over his head before Director Bacon liked the shots. A breakaway bottle (made of rosin) didn't break, but Bogy (that's what his pals call him) had presence of mind and hurled it at Cagney. He was supposed to try stabbing the Kid with the remnant. . . . Harvey Stephens, who acts the Kid's virtuous brother, played football at the University of California in Los Angeles, won fame as an amateur glider. Took second prize of \$500 at Elmira, New York, in 1937, traveling 121 miles nonstop. Still builds 'em. Stephens was the only casualty of the film. He was standing by, watching the Jimmy-Humphrey fracas, when an extra fired a revolver for sound effect. Result: powder burns on the knee and antitetanus injections. . . . Look over the bartenders in Bogart's den of vice. The one with the white hair is John Ince, brother of Tom Ince, the film pioneer, and himself once a movie producer of note. . . . Four thousand rounds of ammunition, and two authentic stagecoaches were used. Stagecoaches fetch a good price in Hollywood.

★ ★ ½ FAST AND LOOSE

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Reginald Owen, Ralph Morgan, Etienne Girardot, Alan Dinehart, Jo Ann Sayers, Joan Marsh, Anthony Allan, Tom Collins, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Forbes, Donald Douglas, Leonard Carey. Screen play by Harry Kurnitz. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 80 minutes.

BILL POWELL'S illness has raised hob with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production plans. Bill was to make one or two more in Dashiell Hammett's Thin Man series. That being impossible, the studio went back to the bibliodetective, Joel Sloane, created by Melvyn Douglas in last July's film, *Fast Company*.

Here Joel, the book dealer-amateur sleuth, reappears, encounters new and sinister problems, and beats the police in solving them. A wealthy bibliophile is murdered, there are desperate efforts to steal a couple of rare and precious pages in Bill Shake-

speare's own handwriting, but Joel pins the crime on the right character finally.

Robert Montgomery plays the dealer in rare books who likes to philo-vance, while Rosalind Russell is his wife and severest critic. Both are pleasant enough. Detective thrillers are hard to keep at a sustained tempo of interest and director Edwin Marin is none too expert with this.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Bob Montgomery's first film since his recent vacation; Miss Russell's first since doing *The Citadel* in merry England. Ten years ago Bob was an unknown stage actor and played a role in a foot-light effort, *The Carolinian*, by Rafael Sabatini. Sidney Blackmer and Martha Bryant Allen played the leads. Reginald Owen was in the cast. Blackmer and Owen support Montgomery in this film—and Bob, who is thirty-five, first saw California as a deck hand of a Standard Oil tanker, the Caddo. His father had died, the family was broke, Bob had taken the second job available. The first was mechanics' helper on a railroad. Bob's brother now lives in Poughkeepsie with Mama Montgomery. . . . Ros Russell is considered the least temperamental of the M-G-M big names. Reads newspapers and biographies between scenes. Nothing upsets her. . . . Have you wondered at the poise of actors in loving close-ups? The studios are carefully air-conditioned for them. The hero can't have a wilted collar, can he? The Montgomery-Russell studio temperature has to be 67. Garbo insists on 65, Shearer on 71, Crawford on 70, Nelson Eddy on 66. That's the fever point.

★ ★ PRISON WITHOUT BARS

THE PLAYERS: Corinne Luchaire, Edna Best, Barry Barnes, Mary Morris, Martita Hunt,

The 1st GLASS of Defense



● A sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer, should be your first glass of defense against the pain, misery and discomfort of common everyday aches and pains.

Too much rich food—too much work or pleasure — too much eating, drinking or smoking — these are the common excesses that cause **TOO MUCH ACID**, and **EXCESS ACID** usually goes hand in hand with Headaches, Acid Stomach, Distress of Colds and Muscular Aches and Pains. If you're wise—you'll alkalize. Take a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer. It's a pleasant, effervescent alkalizing solution and pain reliever. Alka-Seltzer was unknown seven years ago—today it is used by more than 20 million people. All druggists have Alka-Seltzer in 30 and 60 cent size packages.

Alkalize with
Alka-Seltzer

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snuggler that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists... If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

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SHAKE IT INTO YOUR SHOES
Makes new or tight shoes feel easy. Soothes tender, perspiring, aching feet and eases the pain of corns, bunions and calluses. For Free Sample and Walking Doll, address Department B.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LE ROY, N. Y.

Margaret Yardley, Gladys Clewes, Glynis Johns, Sally Wisner, Enid Lindsey, Phyllis Morris, Nancy Roberts. Scenario by Arthur Wimperis from a play by E. and O. Eis, Gina Kaus, and Hans Wilhelm. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst. Produced by Alexander Korda-United Artists. Running time, 80 minutes.

THIS adult study of a French girls' reformatory starts promisingly to the slow shuffle of the inmates exercising in the guarded yard, then slumps as it steadily grows slower in tempo.

The background is a grim archaic reformatory somewhere a few kilometers from Paris. It is guarded by soured, strait-laced, cruel old women

The weekly \$10 prize for reviews covered in the February 18 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Virginia Watson Reeve, 30 Seward Avenue, Tom's River, New Jersey, for her review of *Idiot's Delight*.

—until the newly appointed superintendent appears. She has secured her appointment to be near the man she is to marry, the young physician of the place. The new head puts reforms into operation, wins over the truculent delinquents, particularly a wild young incorrigible. But this girl arouses a slumbering passion in the doctor, and there you have a triangle.

Edna Best is the warmhearted superintendent, Corinne Luchaire is the habitual runaway who succumbs to kindness, Barry Barnes is the doctor.

VITAL STATISTICS: Corinne Luchaire is looked on as another Annabelle. Her father has conducted a Paris magazine, *Notre Temps*, her grandfather was a playwright and historian, her great-grandfather a painter. Her mother is an artist. She was born in Paris in 1921. Mary Pickford says she's a real film bet. And Mary's right. . . . Edna Best was the wife of Herbert Marshall. . . . Mary Morris, who plays the tousled-haired wild little gamin of the reformatory, is Hepburnish, twenty-one, born in the Fiji Islands, of all places!

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, *Idiot's Delight*, *Made for Each Other*, *That Certain Age*, *The Sisters*, *You Can't Take It with You*.

★★★½—*Ice Follies of 1939*, *Jesse James*, *Gunga Din*, *Walt Disney's Shorts*, *Sweethearts*, *If I Were King*, *The Great Waltz*, *Men with Wings*, *Spawn of the North*, *Angels with Dirty Faces*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Four Daughters*.

★★★—Yes, *My Darling Daughter*, *Love Affair*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Mikado*, *Café Society*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Wings of the Navy*, *Persons in Hiding*, *They Made Me a Criminal*, *Honolulu*, *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*, *The Beachcomber*, *Pacific Liner*, *Zaza*, *Tail Spin*, *Kentucky*, *Stand Up and Fight*, *Pygmalion*, *The Great Man Votes*, *Christmas Carol*, *Trade Winds*, *Dawn Patrol*, *Out West with the Hardys*, *Submarine Patrol*, *Dramatic School*, *Just Around the Corner*, *The Shining Hour*, *Sixty Glorious Years*, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, *Gangster's Boy*, *Brother Rat*, *Suez*, *The Arkansas Traveler*, *Mr. Wong Detective*, *There Goes My Heart*, *Service de Luxe*, *Room Service*, *Garden of the Moon*, *Carefree*, *Boy Meets Girl*, *The Road to Reno*.



FOR HAIR and SCALP

IF YOU have excessive falling hair, begin now while you can do something about it. You can often save it if you have anything to save; but once bald, the time for shouting is over. So, get Lucky Tiger now.

Lucky Tiger is made to remove dandruff—To check excessive falling hair—To allay that annoying scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations, and beautify the hair.

Get a bottle at your drug or 10¢ store, or applications at your barber shop.

FREE! A NEW LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL

A New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL is now being made for excessive dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ in stamps to pay for packing and postage.

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 19, Kansas City, Mo.

Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up

Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new again. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (siss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

nothing. Get Cystex (siss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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Science now knows that much sickness is the result of wrong eating and living! Dozens of common ailments are today being corrected by merely changing eating and living habits! If you want to get back on the road to health, **LEARN TO EAT!**

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20TH CENTURY HEALTH INSTITUTE
742 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. Dept. 52PI

BY ELSIE ROBINSON

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

OUR American Standard of Living—
All these extra Frills, Fun, and Fine Feathers which make life in America, even for the poorest of us, seem so much superior to existence elsewhere—how about 'em?

IS AMERICAN LIFE REALLY EASIER? IS THE A. S. O. L. A BLESSING OR A BLIGHT—PARTICULARLY TO YOU YOUNGSTERS WHO ARE ELECTED TO CARRY IT ON? WILL IT PROVE WORTH WHAT IT'S GOING TO COST YOU A FEW YEARS HENCE?

Ever since you could toddle, our American Standard has been as much a part of the accepted scheme of things as the air you breathed. There it was, everywhere you went . . . on billboards, in shop windows, over the air waves, in the ads. Bright lights . . . sleek surfaces . . . flossy clothes . . . trick foods . . . tapping feet. Life set to swing time. And the boasting ballyhoo that went with it . . . the bragging about how much better off we Americans were than other people—

"Lookit our skyscrapers! Lookit our automobiles—one to almos' every person! Lookit our silk stockings . . . 'n' our Tuxes 'n' formals . . . 'n' our radios . . . 'n' our 'lectric refrigerators—

"Lookit! Lookit! We Yanks certainly have it soft!"

But have we? I wonder. And if you're wise, you'll do some wondering also, youngster. Here you are, just starting to line things up. You're under thirty. Maybe you're married and maybe you're not. But, whatever your age or estate, whatever the extent of your possessions, one thing is sure—you have a definite design of living in your mind which you share with the other 130 million residents of these United States. There are certain requirements which you consider essential to a proper American life . . . a certain amount of front you must put on before you can feel regular . . . or be considered regular by the rest of the crowd.

You may not have all these requirements—chances are you haven't. But you feel you should have them. The A. S. O. L. has decreed that you should. And if they aren't forthcoming? Then something's wrong. For it's up to America to see that you have them . . . or at least, give you the chance to obtain them with a minimum of effort. For—remember—these things are essential to American Youth. They're more than pampering—they are a POINT OF PRIDE.

And if you can't get them, then something is hideously unfair and remiss. And it's up to you to holler.

THERE, in terms almost too painfully plain, is our American Standard of Living and the body of thought and tradition which surrounds it. There is the attitude which you assume as you enter manhood or womanhood . . . and the obligation you incur . . . *an obligation heavier than that assumed by any other youth in the world.*

Does that last statement surprise you? Think it over and you'll see how true it is. Young Russia, Young Germany, Young Italy, Young England, all assume burdens as they mature—but they assume burdens suited to their age and circumstance. They are not expected to leap from a rocking horse to a Rolls-Royce and start in where daddy never reached—as young Americans are expected to do.

So the question before the house is simply this—

Is our present American Standard of Living worth the price you must pay in worry and weariness, debt and fret? Or did Lincoln, with his candle dip and rail fence, have more luck and leisure and downright fun than the high-steppin' young lads and lassies of '39?

Before going further, let's get this straight. I've nothing against a Fancy Front *per se*. To the contrary, I'm convinced that Fun and Frill are good for every one. I'm strong for our American theory that beauty was created to be used . . . and joy was made to be had. But I strongly believe that there's a time and a place for everything. And I'm wondering—plenty—if grammar-school babies, campus kids, and bewildered young bride-

LISTEN, YOUTH!

Is The A. S. of L. Worth What It Costs?



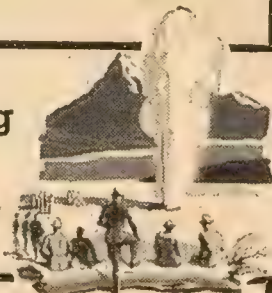
Straight talk for young America! Agree with it or not, as you like, it will make you pause and ponder

Mountain Magic in Washington



Snow fields and Alpine meadows to explore on Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker; bathing on Pacific Ocean beaches; wilderness trails on the Olympic Peninsula; romantic waterfront towns; sailings to British Columbia and Alaska. Write for free booklet, "Pacific Northwest Vacation Suggestions."

Geyser Gazing in Yellowstone



There's a whole world of wonders in this oldest and largest of our National Parks. See it at its best by entering via scenic Gallatin Gateway; 85 extra miles of glorious mountain motoring without extra cost. Write for free "Yellowstone" booklet describing low cost tours.

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Roll smoothly through a glorious panorama of forests and mountain ranges on this famous trans-continental train. 656 thrilling electrified miles . . . open observation cars through rugged Montana canyon, over the Continental Divide and westward through the Bitter Roots. Air conditioned comfort in every class of accommodations. Grand food at low prices. And low fares everywhere West. Let our travel experts help plan your western vacation or your trip to either Fair.

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**The MILWAUKEE
ROAD** The OLYMPIAN
The HIAWATHA

3300A-9



grooms and brides should expect—or be expected—to conform to a standard as expensive and exhausting as ours. In other words, haven't we let the whole thing get out of hand? Isn't this same A. S. O. L. largely responsible for the sick economics and sore heads of the last eight years? And aren't we headed straight for a beating unless we get wise to ourselves—pronto?

As a nation, we've always been go-getters. Always wanted what we wanted when we wanted it—and raised Cain until we got it. But, for our first 150 years of existence, we used considerable sense and discrimination in our choice of Wants. You can't pack many fancy notions into a Mayflower or a covered wagon. The A. S. O. L. didn't mean penthouses and pedigreed pups in those days. It meant—very proudly—quite another kind of superiority . . . a taller vision, a fiercer courage, a deeper loyalty, a wider love.

Then, almost overnight, the picture changed. Came a World War—and war profits which boosted our notions harder and higher than even our bathtub gin. Never mind what things cost! Never mind what size plaster they put on our future! Give everybody what they want—particularly the kids! Away with caution and penny counting! Away with discipline and self-restraint! Away with modesty and dignity—and the sort of pride that "would rather die than take a cent"! You live only once—then get while the getting is good! WHOOPEE! FILL 'EM UP AGAIN, AL! AND LE'S GO, BABY!

And Baby went—and how!

AND A NATION OF GO-GETTERS BECAME A LAND OF GIMMES. AND WERE OUR FACES RED? NO, STRANGER, THEY WERE NOT. WE WERE TOO BUSY HAVIN' OURSELVES A TIME, TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO AN OLD-FASHIONED THING LIKE SELF-RESPECT.

So our new A. S. O. L. came into being. First the Boom. Then the Bust. But the Bust didn't really cure anything. For, though we might not have the old luxuries, we still wanted them . . . and we still believed we had 'em coming to us. So millions of youngsters went right on wanting the moon, and yelling their heads off because they couldn't get it.

Not ALL the youngsters. There are millions of valiant Young Ameri-

cans today . . . gallant young couples . . . struggling to make homes on marginal lands . . . game kids working their way through college without benefit of frills, dreaming tall dreams despite their shabbiness. Such as these are writing a splendid chapter in American history.

But how about those other miserable millions . . . still unemployed years after graduation or accepting the bitter bread of WPA projects . . . unable to save . . . unable to marry . . . growing more hopeless and embittered every day . . . ripe for the clutch of some foreignism which will give them the sense of importance they now lack?

But would they be as hopeless or as bitter if they had not been nourished on such extravagant expectation?

Granted that a man has a right to expect his own house and car by thirty-five . . . a maid for the wife . . . a fair amount of fun and travel . . . good medical service . . . a sizable bank balance. Granted, also, that this country should provide enough jobs to give him the makings. . . . Still—how about the youngsters? Do thirteen-year-old girls need velvet "formals" . . . permanents . . . silk stockings . . . two movies per week at least? . . . Are college courses a "must"? Do high-school and campus kids need regular beauty treatments . . . Tuxes . . . orchids, taxis, swank night spots for parties? . . . Must lovers be able to afford a seventy-five-dollar apartment in the Nice Part of Town before they can marry?

These aren't make-believe items . . . devised to prove a point. They are the accepted requirements of Young American life in 1939 . . . and the lack of them is raising Cain in countless homes and may presently raise worse Cain in the nation. Are such luxuries actually essential? Should America be able to provide them?

OR ARE WE OLDSTERS BOTH PLAIN DUMB AND CRIMINALLY RESPONSIBLE WHEN WE PROMOTE AND PERMIT SUCH NOTIONS IN ADOLESCENTS?

Come on—regardless of age—give us YOUR side of the question! Would you encourage this struggle to Keep Up a Front . . . or would you advise a fresh start, and a simple scheme of life? YOU tell—we're listening.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 14

- 1—William Frederick (Buffalo Bill) Cody.
- 2—Diamond; daisy.
- 3—Belgium.
- 4—Esau.
- 5—Josephus Daniels.
- 6—Facetious.
- 7—Wild boar.
- 8—Hitler, whose surname was changed legally.
- 9—Operates the "wireless."
- 10—White.
- 11—Six-man football.
- 12—A two-thread.

- 13—The Titanic.
- 14—Edgar Lee Masters.
- 15—Fifty-three.
- 16—Less than ten; they were first issued in July, 1929.
- 17—The Young Men's Christian Association; the Young Women's Christian Association.
- 18—William Henry Harrison, ninth President.
- 19—It is a small, Old World fresh-water fish.
- 20—

Clark Gable



New York Central's "Twentieth Century."

Liberty Offers Free Vacation Travel

Win a Cash Travel Prize and Make Your Vacation Dreams Come True!



(New England Council photo)

A GAIN Liberty's annual Vacation Travel Contest makes it possible for you to win the means for the ideal vacation you have always hoped to enjoy.

Based on famous vacation resorts, it gives you an opportunity to cash in on the study of resort and travel literature that has already paid you great dividends in anticipation and dreams.

Beginning this week and for the following nine weeks Liberty will present a group of jumbled names, each of which can be rearranged into the name of a well-known vacation resort or region. The brief rules explain exactly how to win. Read them carefully and then get into the game by solving the first ten jumbles on this page.

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT \$100 INTERIOR AWARD WINNER

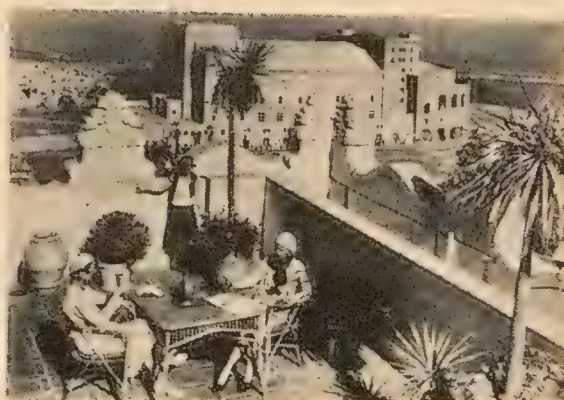
MRS. S. C. COALE, Berlin, Conn.



Dude ranch in Montana.
(Courtesy the Milwaukee Road.)



Mount Rainier National Park.
(Washington State Advertising Agency.)



Penthouse roof, Long Beach, California.
(Rock Island Lines photo.)



Virginia Beach on the Atlantic.
(Virginia Conservation Comm. photo.)

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well-known North American vacation resort. Example: NOTADAY=DAY-TONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and

convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded \$100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

No. 1 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble

Solution

1. ARAGAIN
2. BYDIG
3. HIXENPO
4. TORNWEP
5. VUNYELSAL
6. TOYEMISE
7. ARATAGOS
8. RACANSA
9. AUTUQUCAHA
10. NOWGASHTIN

GOD GAVE ME \$100

RICHMOND, VA.—I am a retired minister, and have had many opportunities, during my long life as a servant of God, to observe instances where prayer demanding a definite answer has received exactly that.

From personal experience I know that God is not scornful of the need for money, because He once gave me a hundred dollars.

And it wasn't to be used for my church or for any of my parishioners. It wasn't for any unselfish or religious need. It was for a very personal and material need of my own—to meet a note that had fallen due in the city where I had last had a pastorate, for money that I had had to borrow to meet unexpected hospital expense.

As the day approached when I must meet this note, I saw that my bankbook showed only \$52.39, and my note called for \$150. It was a terrible predicament.

I prayed earnestly and devoutly that God would help me to meet this emergency in whatever way He thought best. I prayed to be shown a satisfactory course of action. Finally, on the actual day, I made out the check on my local bank for the full amount I owed the out-of-town bank—\$150, although, as I have said, I knew that there was but \$52.39 left in my bankbook.

I had no intention of committing an illegal act by overdrawing on my account, but I figured that, since I had asked God to help me, I would go through the necessary steps and show my faith in Him to the very end.

"To the end," I repeated, "to the end!"

As I waited in the long line at the bank, my eye was at-

tracted by the familiar sign INFORMATION which hung over a window on the opposite side of the room. I looked at it for several seconds. Suddenly I became aware of a definite impulse, an overwhelming desire to step from my place and go to the other window.

The friendly face of the pretty receptionist confronted me as I reached the information window.

"Good morning, Reverend," she greeted me. "I suppose you want to find out how rich you are?"

Before I could answer, she had disappeared down a passageway and after a few minutes returned.

"Here you are!" she said as she handed me a small slip of paper.

The slip read: \$152.39!

I could hardly believe my eyes.

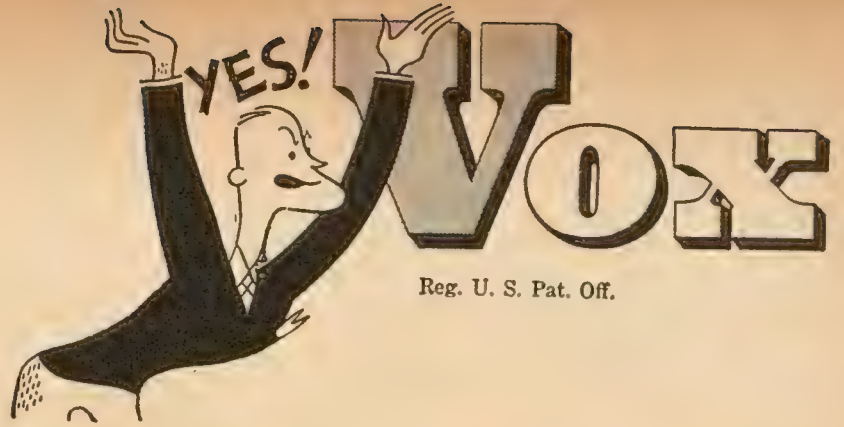
"You're sure that this is correct?" I asked her. "My book shows only \$52.39."

"Oh, yes, sir. Banks can't afford to make any mistakes, you know—especially in favor of their depositors," she added laughingly.

My heart overflowed with gratitude to God as I returned to the cashier's window, passed through the iron grille my check for \$150, and received the money that was to keep my record clean.

Coincidence, you say? Well, you are entitled to your view. But I have never been considered a poor accountant. I had never made a mistake in my bank balance before. I haven't since. And although I went back over my accounts with great care, I was never able to locate that hundred dollars.

I shall always believe that that \$100, like all our blessings, came from God. I asked, and it was given to me.—*Servant of the Lord.*



WHITE SALMON

NORFOLK, VA. — Reading Lyon Mearson's Two-Minute Story, "Think Fast, Cal!" (February 11 Liberty) I remembered having read a story somewhere containing the same idea—the sale of white salmon by advertising it as guaranteed not to turn pink. I looked through my books and located it. The story, although not word for word, nor using the same fictional characters, is taken from the novel by Peter B. Kyne entitled *Two Make a World*.

Readers object to so-called original stories taken from the work of famous authors.—*Frank Adams.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Think Fast, Cal!" is a good story; so good that it made quite an impression on my memory when I read it two or more years ago as told by Peter B. Kyne.—*Grace McH. Moore.*

[Yes, the idea is an old one—the story was originally a true one, I think, and I myself have been familiar with it for over thirty years. I have never read a word of anything of Peter B. Kyne's, but he has as much right to the story as I have . . . and apparently we have the same or similar sources. It has been told about almost every famous advertising man.—*Lyon Mearson.*]

WHERE TO GET OFF?

AMARILLO, TEX. — Won't you please send a rescue party to tell me where to get off? I have been on the elevated train for the past three days and I haven't been able to understand the name of one station the conductor has called out yet.

Don't you think it a good idea to have all station callers, conductors, etc., take a course in diction or hold up a sign or something, so a person would know when to get on and off? Going some place you have never been before is confusing enough without having to interpret a bunch of mumbles.

All of which has nothing to do with you, but I can't find anything in Liberty to gripe about.—*Gene Gallé.*

AMBROSE SOUNDS OFF

JOPLIN, MO.—Hello, folks! My stooge, Prof. Voyd, told you I'd have something to say.

Well, there's two things on my mind this minute. One is income tax. I'm puzzled. I haven't got no income off of



any tax I ever paid, and if the Govt. owes me anything, they can remit at once.

And there's flood control. We need some in our bathroom. The hotel prop. here says it's an act of God, but I think it's them poplar roots growing through the pipe lines outside the hotel porch which does it, and a Govt. Expert could find out for sure with a shovel.—*Ambrose.*

A 1939 GENTLEMAN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—One Miss Campusano (February 4 Vox Pop) asks, "What is a gentleman?"

There aren't any, girly, unless the word could be applied to the man who removes his hat before striking a lady.—*R. E. Ferguson.*

GERMAN EXPLODES

LIMON, COSTA RICA—When Americans slept with their guns, they built up their freedom you are speaking always from practically first to last page in Liberty. So don't blame Germany when it started to build up his freedom

SPEAKS FOR MILLIONS

DAVENPORT, IA.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Shall We Be Forced into War by Reckless Officials? (January 28 Liberty) should be printed in big golden letters. He speaks for millions of us Americans. Why can't he be our next President?—*A Housewife.*

MACON, GA.—I will stop my weekly purchase of Liberty, and so will about twenty others in this Department of Health, if Mr. Macfadden has any more editorials like that of January 28.

If some one doesn't call Hitler's hand, we will have a war.

If you read your history, you will see the World War was caused because Germany thought no one would stop her. Our administration in



Washington is not trying to "face-save," in my opinion.—*H. F. Laramore, M. D.*



and in a way Germans only damn well please about.

And don't talk about magazines of the "don't-give-a-damn type" (F. Oursler, January 21)—in your "foreign articles" you are running right to it; see that most unfortunate, dirty article in January 28 Liberty, page 7.

Take it or leave it!—*Ingo Kalinowsky, one of your German readers.*

7½ JEWS TO 1 IRISHMAN

DENVER, COLO.—Considering the minority of Jews in this country, was it fair to print the statements on the Wells article of seven and a half Jews against one Irishman? (February 11 Vox Pop.)

True, most of the pro-Jewish articles were of the usual tone that to raise a finger against Jewish political supremacy is to be automatically branded with the swastika, and maybe you had a subtle motive in selecting letters in that ratio.—*V. F. W.*

NAVIGABLE TRICKLE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Evidently the lady, May Dixon Thacker, author of *The Scarlet Girl of Black Cove* (February 4 Liberty), doesn't know much about the geography of



the district of which she writes—though it is a "true story."

Mount Mitchell is 6,711 feet high. Its broadest river is a small trickle from a spring a half mile from the summit, though "Roxy" found it navigable!—*Anne Cheesborough.*

MATCHES AND BLACKDAMP

SHENANDOAH, PA.—In *Death Takes a Reno Holiday* (February 11 Liberty) the author provided Mary with a flashlight to enter the old mine shaft. It seemed like a cardinal sin when she asked for matches too. She could have taken a box of matches, for all the good they would have been in the presence of blackdamp, as she couldn't light one on a bet.

Blackdamp, a mechanical mixture of carbon dioxide and air, is also known as chokedamp or stonedamp, and 18 per cent of the gas CO₂ added to the air is fatal to life. If there was even a trace of blackdamp at the bottom of the shaft the author should have provided other means of retrieving the shears and knife.—*An Anthracite Miner.*

A SWIPE AT SHARKEY

BELFAST, ME.—You can tell Tom Sharkey for me that if he thinks any of the fighters he named including himself (February 4 Liberty) can lick Joe Louis, I'd like to see him do it.

I don't think Louis is such a bum fighter as Sharkey makes him out to be. Also, I don't believe *any one* could fight with a dislocated arm and four broken ribs, especially for twenty-five rounds.—*Billy R.*

SPEEDWAY NOT BRICKS

LOUISVILLE, KY.—This is to inform your Twenty Questions Editor (who doesn't know) that most of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway has been surfaced with Kentucky sandstone rock asphalt and that the original surface of brick is now largely covered with this material.

I assure you that the answer to his question does not give all the facts, for only a very small portion of this track is now a brick surface.

Why not make this state-

ment: "Inadvertently, the answer to Question 7 in the February 4 issue was incomplete or misleading. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway has been largely resurfaced in recent years with Kentucky sandstone rock asphalt."—*A. H. Hinkle, Director Kentucky Rock Asphalt Institute.*

FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY

RENO, NEV.—The *Bad Men Are Coming Back!* by Helen Gilmore (December 31 Liberty), states: "Such was the first official train robbery, July 21, 1873, attributed to Frank and Jesse James, with their boyhood pals, Jim and Cole Younger!"

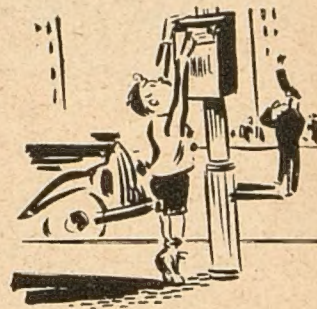
I'm afraid Miss Gilmore has experienced a flight of the imagination, or doesn't know what she's talking about.

The first official train robbery in the world was staged November 10, 1871, between Verdi and Hot Springs, Nevada, on the Central Pacific (now Southern Pacific) Railroad. The "haul" consisted of \$41,000 in gold pieces, en route to Virginia City from San Francisco as pay roll for one of the Comstock mines.

I'll bet twenty bucks in good Nevada silver—not those silly one-dollar bills—that I'm right and her statement of the hold-up is wrong.—*Larry M. Spencer.*

LOW STOOP

CHICAGO, ILL.—To make a sale to my customer, a competitor told him I had died. To check up on myself, I asked the better half. She assured me that for a dead man my



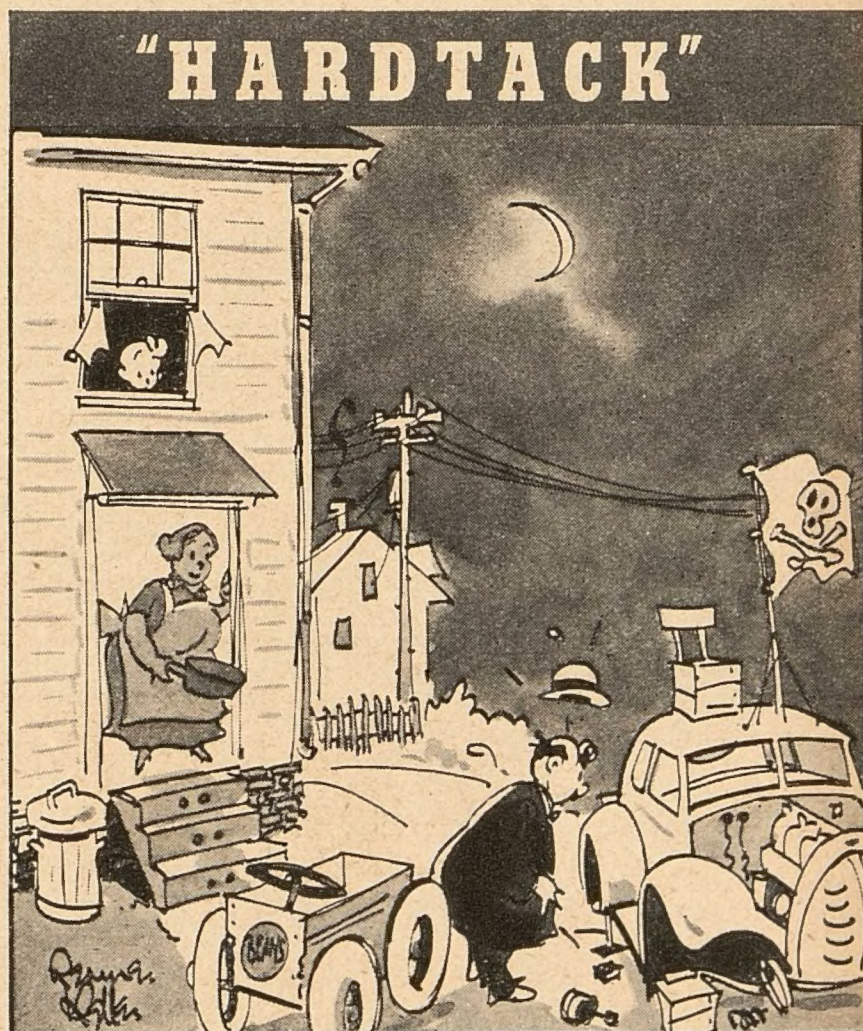
actions were ridiculous, and as further proof that I was a live one cited the latest Libertys in my grip.

Please advise your oldest reader how to cope with this kind of competition. I'm getting fat around the middle and can't stoop very low.—*Elmer L. Crocker.*

GOOSE-STEP ORIGIN?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Can any one tell us when the "goose step" originated and why it is used by the German army?

It appears to me to be an uncomfortable way of marching and I have often wondered about it.—*E. E. Larimore.*



"Don't excite yourself, dear—I sent him to bed without his supper!"

Mrs. Roosevelt Speaks Her Mind



FULTON OURSLER.

SHALL THE American people take the power to declare war into their own hands? The decision now, as every one knows, lies with the Congress. In this issue of *Liberty*, Rose Wilder Lane tells you why millions of Americans believe that the power to declare war should reside solely in a plebiscite of the American people. If you have not as yet read her article in the issue you now hold in your hands, be sure to do so, for here is a problem that affects every American home. Having read it, we urge you also to read the other side of the question. That other side will come to you in next week's *Liberty*, from one of the great thinking women of America, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The wife of the President of the United States minces no words in discussing the proposed Ludlow Amendment that would put the war-making power into your hands and mine. If this amendment is passed, it will mark an epoch in American history. Mrs. Roosevelt's contribution to the discussion is most important and distinguished. We are proud to publish it.

WE RECOMMEND among the many fine features in next week's *Liberty*, Making Americans Out of Jews, by George E. Sokolsky; Pitchers Are Sissies! by Grover Cleveland Alexander; Razed Eyebrows (yes, razed, not raised), by Sophie Kerr; two fine short stories: For Sale or Rent, by Ethel Doherty and Louise Long; and Opening Night, by Steve Fisher. Other features you will enjoy are The Girl Who Dances for Hitler, by Frederick James Smith; more about Hollywood jobs by Billy Grady; another ghost-detective story by Horace Leaf; and generous installments of Twilight Cheats, by Grace Perkins; Lady with Wings, by George Palmer Putnam; and I Married a Nazi, by Oscar Schisgall. Doesn't all that sound like a feast too tempting to be missed?

A REQUEST COMES from the WPA office for permission to transcribe into Braille three short stories from *Liberty* that are bound to please and thrill the blind; the stories--Traveler's Rest, by Hamlen Hunt; Farewell and Hello, by Duane Decker; and The Fix, by Scott Littleton.

A COPY OF THE MARQUETTE Inmate, published and edited by the inmates of that famous Michigan prison. Friends, this is a good magazine job. Congratulations! . . . Ed Lewis tells how Tony Galento was so pleased with Frederick L. Collins' story about him that he bought a bundle of *Libertys* and stood on a street corner selling auto-

graphed copies for twenty-five dollars each for a newsboys' fund. Good work, Tony, and we hope that match with Joe Louis goes through. . . . From Chris Manolis of Huron, South Dakota, a cheerful letter about Patrolman Louis W. Matson, the best friend of the North Side kids in his town. The boys in that none too happy area never say: "Cheese it! The cops!" when Matson appears. They run to him yelling: "Hi, Louis!" Here's one policeman, singlehanded, doing a great job in reducing the statistics of juvenile delinquency and helping to build decency and manhood. So we say too: "Hi, Louis! And God bless what you are doing."

OUR ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT who insists on signing his name "Senator Footloose" tells the interesting news that Mr. Horinouchi, Japanese Ambassador, is a devoted follower of the Oxford Movement and utterly bemused by Mr. Buchman's theories. . . . A charming letter from our new Attorney General, Mr. Frank Murphy, thanking *Liberty* for its co-operation with the Department of Justice and looking forward to a continuance of that working partnership of which we are so proud. . . . A letter from Eddie Doherty, who is motoring across the country and has just reached California. He says, "This is God's country. And He can keep it!" . . . From Thomas E. Dewey, District Attorney of New York City, birthday congratulations. For many years now we have tried to keep our birthday a secret, but who can keep a secret from New York's District Attorney? . . . From Dr. Alexis Carrel, a charming note about our speech before the graduating class of the G-men. . . . From Walter Winchell, a nostalgic note about the old days at the N. V. A., when Norman Prescott, vaudeville's best mind reader, looked into the future, saw clearly what Walter was going to do, and introduced him to us. Norman is now Uncle Jim on the radio Question Bee. . . . From Llewellyn Hughes, a note telling how he is regaining strength and vigor at Dansville. . . . From John Erskine, a letter that was sheer poesy, a canticle in longhand about a good dinner he had enjoyed at Antoine's Restaurant in New Orleans, where two framed pages from *Liberty* hang on the wall. Yes, you guessed it--the pages were written by Mr. Erskine. . . . A note from Stanley Rinehart, telling us that George Sokolsky's The American Way of Life will appear between book covers about the time you read this page. . . . From Oscar Schisgall, word that Alfred Knopf is to publish I Married a Nazi as a book. The title will probably be changed to Swastika. . . . Farrar & Rinehart will also soon be booking Rehearsal for Love, by Faith Baldwin.

IF YOU WERE TO GO to the bookshops at the end of any year and buy the volumes that have first ap-

peared serially in *Liberty*, you would spend at least twenty-five dollars; and then you would be cheated, because when you had the dozen or more books at home, you would still not have any of the fine articles that fill every issue, none of the short stories, nor the departments, nor Mr. Macfadden's editorials--you wouldn't even have this page!



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS FOR APRIL 1, 1939

EDITORIAL

Unparalleled Advantages of Our Wage System
Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

Surprise Visit....Phyllis Duganne 6
The \$1,000 Bribe--Liberty's Short Short.....Herbert Wallace Ray 21
Decent.....Oscar Graeve 22

SERIALS

Twilight Cheats--Part II
Grace Perkins 15
Lady with Wings--Part IV
George Palmer Putnam 28
I Married a Nazi--Part VII
Oscar Schisgall 40

ARTICLES

What Is a Jew?
George E. Sokolsky 4
Why I Am For the People's Vote on War.....Rose Wilder Lane 11
Liberty's All-Players All-America Baseball Team...Jerry D. Lewis 13
I Am a Lady Lobbyist
as told to Margaret Lukes Wise and Clara Belle Thompson 26
I Am a Psychic Detective: A Full House...Horace Leaf, F. R. G. S. 35
Hollywood Jobs: The Confessions of a Talent Scout....Billy Grady as told to Kenneth L. Watt 38
World of Tomorrow.Ray Cummings 47
Listen, Youth!--Is the A. S. of L. Worth What It Costs?
Elsie Robinson 53

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 14; Crossword Puzzle, 34; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 50; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 51; \$2,000 Vacation Travel Contest, 55; Vox Pop, 56.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in *Liberty* are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
MCCAULEY CONNER

"I April Fooled him Twice!"



1. You should have seen his face! "Gosh, Joe," he says, "I sure fell for that one." He takes it like a man though, so I buy him a drink. "I want to Double My Enjoyment of this," I tell the bartender, slipping him a wink. He's wise, and sets up a couple of drinks of that swell whiskey with No Rough Edges...



2. Bill takes a sip and, for the first time, smiles as though he really means it. "No hard feelings?" I ask him. "Nope," he says, "Not when you start buying me expensive whiskey like this."



3. "April fool again!" I yell, "This is TEN HIGH—and it costs less than that whiskey you've been drinking!" He agrees that the joke's on him, but says it's worth it to find out about double-rich, double-smooth TEN HIGH!

Why Ten High has *"No Rough Edges"*

Until you taste TEN HIGH you'll find it hard to believe that any whiskey at any price can be so rich, yet be so gloriously light in body! And here's the secret:

TEN HIGH is distilled under doubly careful control in the world's largest distillery. Nothing is left to chance—so "No Rough Edges" can mar its perfectly balanced, light-bodied flavor. Check the difference yourself *today*. Ask for TEN HIGH at your favorite bar or liquor store. It costs no more to Double Your Enjoyment of your favorite drink! 90 Proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.



TEN HIGH

**STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY**

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● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

"SOLD AMERICAN"

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F. E. McLAUGHLIN, auctioneer, has been "in tobacco" for 13 years. He says: "I've never yet seen Luckies buy anything but the best tobacco ...so I've smoked them since 1928."

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

RECENT tobacco crops have been outstanding in quality. New methods, developed by the United States Government, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. As *independent* experts point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Thoroughly aged, these fine tobaccos are now ready for you. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week and know why ...

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